

THE MUSE'S MIRROR.

3

Breakfast is got, and whipt away,
(Because the washers want their tea)

Before that I've half done:—

The doors all open—linnen spread,

The sky looks black,—come hither, Ned,

Shall we have rain or sun?

My dear, you need not be in pain,

It does not look, I think, like rain;

O! then we'll hang out more:

When lo! the words have hardly past,

But puff there comes a heavy blast,

And all must be rins'd o'er.

Then ten-fold comes the peal on me,

You as, to be ten years at sea,

See, see the linnen do!—

I sneak away, to have a smile,

Snug, while I hear her all the while.

Calling me black and blue.

From such unlucky storms of rain,

Nothing with me goes well again,

The dinner comes—and cold:

The meat, I cry, of soap-suds twangs,

Up madam gets, the door she bangs,

And re-begins to scold.

B 2

But

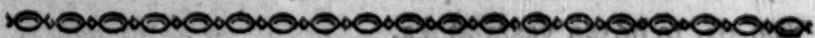
THE MUSE'S MIRROR.

But what still troubles more my mind,
Amidst such griefs at once to find,

The washer, as she wrings,
Cracking some jest—then o'er the tub
Pauses awhile—and ev'ry rub,
With pleasure sweats and fings.

I hate, I must confess, all dirt,
And truly love a well-wash'd shirt,

Yet once a-month this reek,
Is more than any one can bear;
But him I hate—pray make his share
A washing every week.



A L B A N Y.

A Monody to the memory of a virtuous Youth, drowned
in the Thames.*

AS late I stray'd by Thames' translucent stream,
I heard a nymph in misery extreme,
Relate, " Ah ye, who love or sense or truth,
" Join me to search a beauteous drowned youth,

Ah

* These lines were written on the unhappy fate of a son of Mr. Wallis, who was a scholar at Westminster, and unfortunately drowned in the Thames when bathing.

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- " Ah ye, who ever lov'd a darling boy,
" Who've felt a father's care, a mother's joy,
" Give to the Thames your tears, encrease her tide,
" And tell a parent's sorrow far and wide—
" Thames, ancient god, with dank green tresses rise,
" And tell me where the dear lov'd angel lies :
" If thou such excellence could'st ruthless drown'd,
" O tell me where the body may be found.
" Thou God of Streams, attend my piteous cry,
" And shew where Albany and Virtue lie.
" That to his corse the maidens mild may bring,
" The sweetest posies of the painted spring,
" And strew the youth and his untimely hearse,
" With myrtles ever green and eligiack verse.

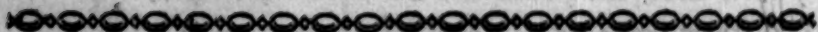
At the soft complaints of this desponding maid,
Forth from the wave a venerable shade
Arose, with aspect dignified and mild,
And in his arms he bore the breathless child,
Adorn'd with shells and coral of the stream,
And his untimely fate he made the theme.

- " Weep not, fair maid—nor thus accuse thy fire,
" The gods who made him, did the youth require,
" His virtues were of such an angel-kind,
" So meak his manners, and so pure his mind,
" That he in genius, majesty and grace,
" Was more of angel than of mortal race.

“ He as a model for mankind was sent,
 “ And the gods took the blessing they had lent.”
 At this he bore his body to the grave,
 Then wept, and plung’d beneath the silver wave.

Ah ye who ever lost a darling dear,
 Bring sweetest flowers and deck his mournful bier,
 And while these lines I to his mem’ry give,
 Deep in your hearts O let his virtues live.

E. THOMPSON.



PLATONIC LOVE.

A JEU D'ESPRIT:

PLATONIC LOVE!—a pretty name
 For that romantic fire,
 Where souls confess a mutual flame,
 Devoid of loose desire.

If

THE MUSE'S MIRROR.

7

If this new doctrine once prove true,
I own it something odd is,
That lovers should each other view,
As if they wanted bodies !

If spirits thus can live embrac'd,
The union may be lasting,
But faith 'tis hard the mind shou'd feast,
And leave its part'ner fasting.

" Nature (says Horace) is in tears,
" When her just claim's deny'd her :"

And this *Platonic love* appears

To be a poor provider.

Long it may preach ;—our comfort is,

For all its vain pretences,

Mankind have other thoughts of bliss,

Than to exclude the senses !

Not all man's logic can perplex

A principle so common,

While Venus whispers either sex,

" That *man* was made for *woman* !"

AMATOR.

O D E.

A H Fortune! wilt thou never smile?
And have I woo'd thee still in vain?

And is the mead of all my toil
But sharper woe, severer pain?

Ah, Delia, fairest of the fair!

Say, must thy beauty only prove
My earliest wish, my latest care,
But still the foe of hapless love?

Ah love, on mountains wert thou bred,
Nurs'd in some monster's horrid cave;
Thy tyrant power we view with dread,
Which wounds the youth, affrights the brave.

Hence ruthless passion, mock'ry hence,
Nor let me feel thy cruel sway;
Come hours of careless innocence,
Return and cheer life's ling'ring day,

Return with all thy smiling train,
The gay, quick thought, the fancy wild;
Each infant bliss return again,
And chase far hence these tumults wild.

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Season of thoughtless joy! in vain
The muse thy fancied aid implores;
The smiling pleasures of thy train
Seek distant climes and happier shores.

Let me, while others idly gay,
'Mid proud ambition's trophies shine;
Unknown attune my artless lay,
Be careless ease and leisure mine.

And oh! may friendship bless the hour
With temper'd joys, with social glee;
May wit, may fancy, grace my bower,
For these, my Damon, dwell with thee.

In vain shall beauty's artful smile
Again enslave my love-torn heart;
Friendship shall ward the powerful guile.
And all her milder bliss impart.

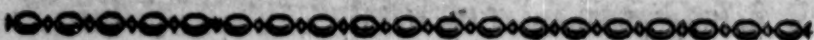
With thee, my Damon, may I rove
Where science points the arduous way;
And leave the idle toys of love
To breasts as idle and as gay.

Thus thro' the varying scenes of life
Shall friendship gild the fleeting hour,
Dispell each ruffling storm of grief,
And give to joy its noblest power.

Portsmouth, April 16.

ALEXIS.

IN



I N S O M N I U M.

From the POEMATATA ANGLORUM.

SOMNE levis ! quanquam certissimo mortis imago,
 Confortem cupio te tamen esse tori :
 Alma quies, optata veni ? Nam sic fine vita
 Vivere quam dulce est, sic fine morte mori.

I M I T A T E D.

THO' of detested death the form you wear,
 Yet to my couch, O gentle sleep, repair,
 And let thy balmy gifts thy suppliant share !
 For, O how sweet to close the wakeful eye !
 And while in thy embraces blest I lie,
 Thus without life to live, and without dying die !

R. B.

DEATH

DEATH *and the* DOCTOR.

By P. W. Esq.

To DR. SCHOMBERG, of Bath.

'T'WIXT Death and Schomberg t'other day
 Fierce contest did arise,
 Cries Death, Your patient yield my prey,
 The Doctor Death defies.

Enrag'd to hear his power defy'd,
 He aim'd his keenest dart;
 But wond'ring saw it glance aside,
 And miss the vital part.

Thus baffl'd—Death surveying o'er
 The dart so us'd to kill,
 Found Schomberg had its feather tore,
 And fledg'd it with his quill.

The



The **TORPID LOVER.** *A new Ballad.*

By Miss E. S.

HISTORIANS from Norway their wonders have told,
Of oceans converted to chrystal by cold,
Where hailstones the shiv'ring inhabitants sneeze,
And the moment they're utter'd, whole sentences freeze.

But cold more intense in my swain I can boast;
Nor frigid is he, but an absolute frost.
He makes the chill blood in each artery halt,
Till I, like like Lot's wife, am a pillar of salt.

Statira this praise on her hero bestow'd,
That he curl'd like a vine, and he touch'd like a god;
But in touchings or curlings of Walter are shewn,
The cramp-fish and cucumber blended in one.

Old Spencer his readers inform'd long ago,
Of a certain false Florimel made out of snow:
Were Florimel here, and would take my advice,
She'd find, in my Walter, a husband of ice.

Whoe'er

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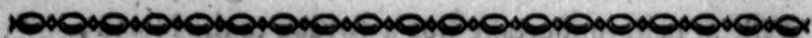
23

Whoe'er to the world, as his wife, shall go forth,
Will, at best, undertake but a voyage to the North;
For his eyes seem the stars (or else sailors impose)
Which have lighted whole vessels so oft to be froze.

Whenever he sues for my favour and grace,
His breath, like a snow ball, flies hard in my face.
The tea-kettle never will boil when he's by,
And stiff in their glasses my goldfinches die.

Of such-like petrific materials we make
The King who sticks fast to the frost of a cake;
Between them this difference alone can be felt,
That Walter's infusible, sugar will melt.

Thus, tho' (from last sessions unable to 'scape)
A bailiff must swing, for committing a rape,
My Walter (in spite of this case) as a lover
I'd venture to travel with all the world over.



On seeing Mr. Foote's Play of the Cozeners.

BY sacred eloquence, the pulpit strives
 To mend our morals, and reform our lives;
 The stage, a different way, all vice assails,
 And by sharp satire over sin prevails;
 Or else correction gives to every fool,
 By manly strokes of pleasing ridicule.
 Foote, in this mode, most eminently shines,
 His wit and sense he so completely joins,
 That knaves and rogues, tho' touch'd unto the heart,
 In reformation laugh away the smart.

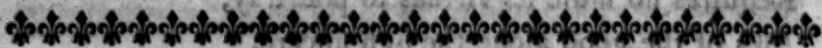
T. L.



Epitaph in a Country Church-yard.

O'ER the proud tomb let martial banners wave,
 And glorious emblems decorate the grave.
 Th' historic genius trace with golden pen,
 And raise to gods the rich, who died but men;
 Transmit to future times the titled name,
 And bid their offspring emulate their fame.

These



On a much talk'd of Marriage.

To Miss ———, of ——— ———.

Credat Judæus Apella,

Non ego.——

ARE we to credit the report ?
 Fame says to you now pays his court
 A member of your shire ;
 That you superior charms can boast,
 Than any fashionable toast,
 To 'waken his desire.

Fame-says, (but I can't think she's right,)
 That you receive the am'rous knight
 With preference and love ;
 That he alone, above the rest
 Of all the world, appears confest,
 The man you most approve.

So

So Fame has said : but by the bye,
 She many time has told a lye ;
 And now I can't believe,
 That scarce a man below his Grace,
 Below a star's reflected blaze,
 You ever could receive.

Sure simple merit, and good sense,
 Without a fear to give offence,
 Could never hope to please ;
 Poor silly souls alone we find,
 (And these from fear) to be inclin'd
 To virtues such as these.

A *mantled coronet's* dear charms,
 Or *bloody band* to grace your arms,
 Could once but hope your favour ;
 'Tis said that B——'s noble peer
 Said something softly in your ear,
 That caus'd this strange behaviour.

Since then your friends have all complain'd
 That you their company disdain'd,
 And talk'd in haughtier style ;
 That Lady Dukes, or my Lord,
 Alone can hope of being heard,
 Alone can claim a smile.

De haut en bas, 'tis so they say,
Each misser that comes in your way.

Indiff'rently you treat ;
And from your brother's house 'tis told,
That you are grown so very bold,
Some think he'll lose his seat.

But now, perhaps, to make amends,
And curry favour with your friends,
You, in a fit of bounty,
May humbly condescend to wed,
And take for partner of your bed,
The member of your county.

If this be true, then much I fear,
Left you, by supercilious air,
Should give the knight offence ;
For learn this precious truth from me,
Pride and contempt but ill agree
With modesty and sense.

Think then, before the knot be tied,
If you some duties of a bride,
Can decently fulfil ;
Think, *Madame Comtesse manquee*,
If strict attention you can pay
To a plain Comm'ner's will.

THE MUSE'S MIRROR.

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Can you dear quality forego,
The titled miss, or ribbon'd beau,
For freemen and their spouses?

Can you, an int'rest to support,
Quit concert, opera, ball, or court,
To visit at their houses?

If you such duties cannot share,
Cease, with a false dissembling air,

To make him think you can;
And, for this once, with open heart
Act a disinterested part,
In pity to the man.

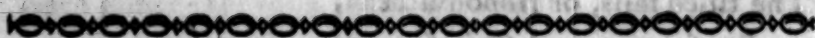
And now, to prove that you can bear,
Without offence, your faults to hear,

This liberty excuse;
And, if you wish to have it thought
That you with gratitude are fraught,
With thanks repay the muse.

O. P. Q.

C2

RE.



R E F L E C T I O N.

An E L E G Y;

WITHIN this lone, dismantled bow'r,
 Oh ! let me waste the toiling hour,
 And wake reflection drear ;
 In solitude, the tide of woe
 Awhile, perhaps, may cease to flow,
 The eye with-hold the tear !

What youth, alas ! like me hath trod
 Misfortune's gloomy, shapeless road,
 Beneath the load oppress'd !
 Alike from ease, from joy apart,
 From every bliss that soothes the heart,
 Or cheers the human breast ?

Alas ! how chang'd the luring scene,
 Since late in grots, and arb'rets green,
 I tun'd the infant lay ;
 While o'er the page of classic lore,
 I pass'd the halcyon moments o'er,
 And blest each rising day !

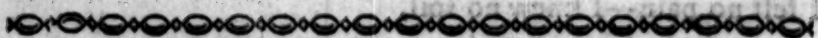
Beneath

Beneath a friendly father's smile,
I felt no pain—I knew no toil,
My bosom was serene ;
But now borne down misfortune's tide,
No more on filken joys I glide,
Nor dance on sylvan scene.

No more, alas ! 'tis mine to heal
The bleeding wounds that others feel,
Th' extatic joy is flown ;
No more, alas ! my tender breast,
By blessing—can itself be blest—
My pity 'bides alone !

Say,—can the feeling bosom know—
A pang more dire can life bestow,—
—To pity,—not release ?
To see the wretch with loaded cares,
To feel my heart his sorrows shares,
Yet cannot bid them cease ?

BENEVOLUS.



A S O N N E T.

On seeing DELIA asleep.

I.

BE hush'd ye sweet birds, and forbear your shrill note,
Nor deign such a clamour to keep,
But stop a few moments, and rest your soft throats,
For here—lies a goddess asleep !

II

Keep off ye pert flies from the cheek of my fair,
And let her contentedly lay,
For if you presume to alight on her face,
You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day !

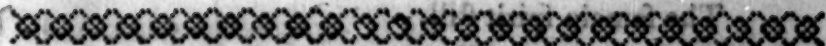
III.

Ye gods ! send young Cupids to 'bide at her feet
Let the Graces adorn her sweet head !
Let the pleasantest dreams make her slumbers complete ;
And angels keep guard o'er her bed !

J. C.

FAME:

III



F A M E:

A N O D E.

I.

O Mighty fame!
 Thou for whom Cæsar restless fought;
 And Regulus his godlike suff'rings fought;
 What can the sense of mortals tame,
 And nature's deepest murm'rings hush,
 That thus on death they rush?
 That horror thus and anger they controul,
 Touch'd by thy airy pow'r, that lifts the daring soul.

II.

The Indian on the burning iron bound,
 By busy torturers compass'd round,
 Beholds thee and is pleas'd,
 And with a tow'ring frenzy seiz'd
 Tells them they know not how to kill;
 Demands a torment fit for man to feel,
 And dictates some new pang, some new envenom'd wound.

III.

The female spirit still,
 And timorous of ill,
 In softest climes, by thy commanding will,
 Dauntless can mount the mourning pyre,
 Where a dead husband waits the fun'ral fire ;
 No unbecoming human fear,
 Th' exalted sacrifice delays ;
 In youth—in beauty's flow'ry year,
 Serene she mingles with the blaze :
 Beholds unmov'd the gazer's bosom heave,
 And takes without a tear her consecrated leave.

IV.

The hall of Odin rang—
 Amidst the barb'rous clang
 Of boastful chiefs and dire alarms.
 The warrior hears the magic cry,
 Thund'ring “to arms, to arms !”
 Struck with the sound, behold him fly
 O'er the steep mountain's icy bar,
 And drive before him shout and pain,
 And slaughter mad, the dogs of war ;
 Then of his bootless trophies vain
 Back to the hall of death return,
 And brood upon the name, which his wide ruins earn.

The

THE MUSE'S MIRROR. 25

V.

The orator renown'd,
 Foe to tyrannic outrage blind,
 At whose dread voice stood Macedon astound;
 What mov'd his mighty mind?
 He saw the Grecian genius brav'd,
 And his own Athens half enslav'd;
 Beset with woes,
 By base degen'rate, treas'nous foes,
 And overwhelm'd by arms:
 Amidst these congregated harms,
 He meditates the proud relief of death;
 And whilst the future he survey'd,
 Thus burst into prophetic breath:
 " My deeds shall sound
 " Through the wond'ring nations round,
 " Wherever freedom's honours shall be found,
 " And all my present ills shall be by Fame o'erpaid."

VI

Long on the wat'ry waste Columbus hung,
 When nature now with boding tongue
 Seem'd to pronounce his doom!
 Famine smote the blasted crew——
 Portentius' tides beneath him flew——
 Her aid th' astonish'd card withdrew:

And

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And plunging to an untry'd grave,
Desp'rate he seem'd the abyfs to brave
Of Ocean's wild immeasurable womb.

VII.

Rescu'd at length from ruin's ways,
In vain Iberia's thankless shore he fought,
And a new world in triumph brought.
Envy her slander lewdly brays;
His godlike toil a ruffian train betrays.
Pensive he paus'd---dejected for mankind,
And half his lofty thoughts resign'd,
When glory beam'd upon his mind,
And bade him ne'er bow down to sleep,
Till o'er the vast Atlantic deep
His sails advent'rous he again unfurl'd,
And snatch'd a deathless name from his recover'd world.

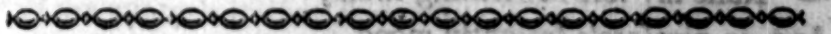
VIII.

Brief is the flame of mortal birth,
Wherefore the unsubmitting mind
Lest brooks to pass forgotten into earth,
And whilst to anxious doubt inclin'd,
It longs for some ethereal scope
Whereon to rest th' aspiring hope;
Fame cries from Heav'n, be brave,
Dare greatly and thy name shall live,
And thou upon the tongues of men survive,
Though death should shut thee up in an eternal grave.

Hence

IX.

Hence that unquenched lust,
 In noblest minds the noblest deeds to dare,
 That should they sink in dust,
 Their memory may renounce the fleeting doom,
 And shaking off the tomb,
 May wander through the living air,
 And traverse earth with their renown,
 And eternize their date by an immortal crown.



L O V E.

A JEU D'ESPRIT.

HOW sweet a torment 'tis to love?
 And ah! how pleasant is the pain?
 I would not, if I could, remove,
 And now put off the amorous chain.
 Tho' Chloris' eyes do give me laws,
 And me of liberty beguile,
 I, like a martyr, love my cause,
 And on my fair tormentor smile!

T. W. W.

ODE



O D E to the L A R K.

By the Author of THE CAVE OF MORAR.

SWEETEST warbler of the wood,
 Raife thy soft bewitching strain,
 And, in pleasure's sprightly mood,
 Free from sorrow, free from pain,
 Thro' the airy mansions stray,
 Full of sport and full of play.

When the sun's returning beam
 Darts propitious from the east,
 Dimpling every limpid stream,
 Gilding nature's flowery vest,
 Thro' the calm protecting grove
 Chaunt the welcome songs of love.

When the evening's clouds prevail,
 And the chearing sun retires,
 When the shadows mark the dale
 And the beam forsakes the spires,
 Highly mounting from our view,
 Give him still the last adieu.

As you skim the verdant lawn,

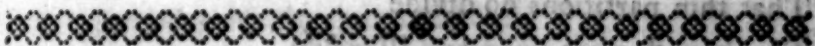
Let the youthful virgin band,
Early as the morning's dawn,

Tripping light, with aspects bland,
Guided by thy artless note,
Thro' the graceful measure float.

Thus on freedom's easy wing,

Let the muse, with raptur'd song,
Hail the first approach of spring,

And the grateful strain prolong,
Till the winter's harsh decree
Restrain her verse and banish thee.



Address of the Author to his Bed.

THOU Bed, in which I first began
To be that various creature, man ;
And, when again the fates decree,
The place where I must cease to be ;
When sickness comes, to whom I fly,
To soothe my pain and close my eye ;
When cares surround me, where I weep,
Or lose them all in balmy sleep ;

When

When fore with labour, whom I court,
And to thy downy breast resort :
Where too extatic joys I find,
When deigns my Delia to be kind,
And, full of love, in all her charms,
Thou giv'st the fair one to my arms :
The centre thou, where joy and pain,
Disease and rest, alternate reign !
Oh ! if within thy little space
So many different scenes have place,
Lessons as useful shalt thou teach
As sages dictate, churchmen preach ;
And man, convinc'd by thee alone,
This great important truth shall own,
That thin partitions do divide
The bounds were good and ill reside,
That nought is perfect here below,
But bliss still borders upon woe.

R. B.

On

On a FRIBBLE, who mimick'd the Ladies.

MISS Billy shines in low grimace;
Each feature of the female face,
The rompish squall; the hoyden dress;
Belinda's smile; Flirtilla's air;
The freaks and foibles of the fair,
His mimick powers express.

He curt'sies low, or bridles in,
With formal pride the dimpled chin;
Th' affected prude in all her shapes;
The scornful toss, the mincing trip;
The look demure, or pouting lip;
Th' amphibious creature apes.

But hark! he pours his liquid throat,
And thrills Mingotti's treble note.

To the soft tinklings of the wire,
(Whilst the rapt eye is taught to roll,
As the sweet air enchants his soul
That trembles on his lyre.

With

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With critic eye the pug can trace
The Dresden stitch ; if Mechlin lace,
Or Brussel's bobbin-work excell ;
Knows the true bloom of Hyson tea ;
But nauseates filthy ratafia,
And citron's horrid smell.

In gentle rills his waters fall ;
He never spouts against the wall,
Like low bred porters, filthy bears ;
He shudders at the indecent joke,
When ladies frown or parsons smoke
Or the rude Colonel swears.

The toilette's labours now he tries ;
The patch adjusts ; with languid eyes
The mirror's magick power surveys ;
Now heaves the sigh, the head reclines ;
Smiles, simpers, hums an air, or whines,
As Betty clasps his stays.

Dear Billy, where's the mighty art,
To play the ape's, or mincing's part ?
To screw the face, or flirt the fan ?
Disdain such monkey, fribble tricks,
Nor mimick thus thy sister sex,
But try to act the Man.

E P I G R A M,

On a Woman, in the Habit of a PRIEST,

Stealing the GEORGE from

Sir GEORGE WARREN,

At Court on the QUEEN's Birth Day.

WHEN daring Blood first plann'd to steal the crown,
He chose the cassock, circingle, and gown;
So female thieves the prelate's dress assume,
And even rob within the drawing room.

V E R S E S,

*Written upon the Wall of an Inn, opposite the Church-
Yard, at BEACONSFIELD.*

SEE'ST thou that monument? There Waller lies,
Fam'd for the softest, sweetest poesies,
Who sung at Penshurst to the list'ning deer,
That Sacharissa might attend and hear;

Nor sung in vain ; for she attends the lay,
 And hears her soul, but not her heart away :
 To Edmund's music Spencer's love prefer'd—
 And who dare say that Sacharissa err'd ?

Ambitious Edmund ! could'st thou hope to find,
 The fairest of the fair to thee more kind ?
 Did Venus ever with a Poet trip ?
 No,—'twas with MARS the goddess made a slip :
 For had thy notes the Western breeze's aid
 To steal, fond thought ! unfelt into the maid,
 There flourish round, and dying in a show'r,
 Leave a young Orpheus where none was before.
 Yet still unblemished must the man remain,
 Without, like Jove, he could be wind and rain :
 Instead of numbers, had'st thou—sword in hand,
 Pursu'd the nymph, the nymph had made a stand,
 Had caught at love, acquiring all our praise,
 And fill'd thy arms with beauty, not with bays.



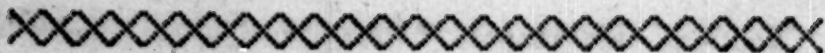
*On Dryden's Bust being thrown down at the burial of the
 Dutchess of Northumberland:*

IF great *Northumberland* is laid in dust,
 Shall she command the fall of Dryden's bust ?
 Riches and titles may fill up the pit :
 The *Piercys* have no right to bury wit.

*On Abigail Drummond, daughter to Robert, Archbishop
of York, who lived, alas ! only 16 years ; this last
duty is paid her ;*

By Mr. MASON.

HERE sleeps, what once was beauty, once was grace ;
Grace, that with tenderness and sense combin'd,
To form that harmony of soul and face,
Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind :
Such was the maid, that in the morn of youth,
In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
Blest with each art, which owes its charm to truth,
Sunk in her father's fond embrace, and died :
He weeps ! O venerate the holy tear,
Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load ;
The parent mourns his child upon the bier,
The Christian yields an Angel to his God.

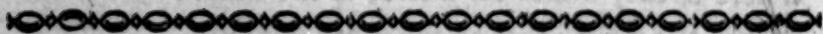


LINE S address'd to Mrs MAHON.

WHEN first I saw thee, Mahon, at the play,
 Thy borrow'd charms ensnar'd my heart away
 Indebted much to day-light, and to thee,
 It now has gain'd its usual liberty!

When from your lips for rapt'rous joys I sought,
 I found 'twas *rouge*, *pomatum*, and what not!
 Henceforth such kisses I'll despise,—like thee!
 Which *Warren* sells to you,—and you to me?

GEODLE.



A JEU D'ESPRIT.

To Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS and Co:

By the DEAN of DERRY.

I Lately thought no man alive,
 Cou'd e'er improve past forty-five,
 And ventur'd to assert it;
 The observation was not new,
 But seem'd to me so just and true,
 That none cou'd controvert it.

“ No,

"No, Sir," says *Johnson*, "'tis not so,
"That's your mistake, and I can shew
"An instance, if you doubt it;
"You, Sir, who are near forty-eight,
"May much improve, 'tis not too late,
"I wish you'd set about it."

Encourag'd thus to mend my faults,
I turn'd his counsel in my thoughts,
Which way I shou'd apply it;
Learning and wit seem'd past my reach,
For who can learn when none will teach?
And wit—I could not buy it.

Then come, my friends, and try your skill,
You can inform me, if you will,
(My books are at a distance)
With you I'll live and learn, and then,
Instead of books, I shall read men,
So lend me your assistance.

Dear *Knight of Plympton*, * teach me how
To suffer with unruffled brow,
And smile serene like thine;
The jest uncouth, or truth severe,
To such I'll turn my dearest ear,
And calmly drink my wine.

* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Thou say'st, not only skill is gain'd,

But genius too may be attain'd,

By studious imitation;

Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,

I'll copy till I make thee mine,

By constant application.

Thy art of pleasing, teach me, *Garrick*,

Thou, † who revelest odes *Pindaric*,

A second time read o'er;

Oh! cou'd we read thee backwards too,

Last thirty years thou should'st review,

And charm us thirty more.

If I have thoughts, and can't express 'em,

Gibbons shall teach me how to dress 'em,

In terms select and terse;

Jones teach me Modesty and Greek,

Smith how to think, *Burke* how to speak,

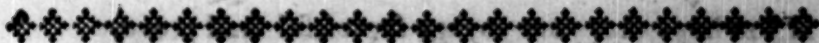
And *Beaumont* to converse.

† Mr. *Garrick* being asked to read *Cumberland's Odes*, laughed immoderately, and affirmed that such stuff might as well be read backwards as forwards, and the witty *Roscius* accordingly read them in that manner, and wonderful to relate! produced the same good sense and poetry, as the sentimental author ever had genius to write.

Let

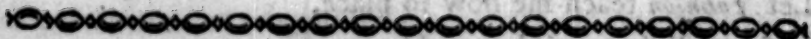
Let *Johnson* teach me how to place,
In fairest light, each borrow'd grace;

From him I'll learn to write;
Copy his clear, familiar style,
And from the roughness of his file,
Grow like himself,—*polite*.



Written in America, on General Gage's fourth Paragraph against Immorality.

WHY, what in the name of Old Nick can he mean,
(To clear the dark paradox Richard did bid John)
By sharing all honours and profits between,
The friends of good government and true religion !
I'll tell you, says John, (all such matters discreting)
We're shamefully left in the lurch ;
For he means that rebellion alone goes to meeting,
And only religion to church.



A S O N G.

ALL you who set sail for the land of delight,
 Who in wedlock's soft hammock would swing ev'ry
 night;

If you hope that your voyage successful shall prove,
 Fill your sails with affection, your cabins with love

Fill your sails, &c.

Let your hearts, like your main-mast, be ever upright,
 And the union you boast, like you tackle, be tight;
 Of the shoals of indiff'rence be sure to keep clear,
 And the quicksands of jealousy never come near.

And the quicksands, &c.

If vapours and whims, like sea sickness, prevail,
 You must spread all your canvas, and catch the fresh gale;
 But if brisk blows the wind, and there comes a rough sea
 Then lower your topsails, and scud under lee.

Then lower, &c.

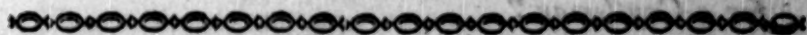
If husbands, you hope to live peaceable lives,
 Keep the reckoning yourselves, give the helm to your wives;
 For the evener we go, boys, the better we sail,
 And on shipboard the head is still rul'd by the tail,

And on shipboard, &c.

Then

Then listen to Capstern, my lads, and be wise;
 If my precepts you scorn, and my maxims despise,
 A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn,
 And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horn.

And a hundred, &c.



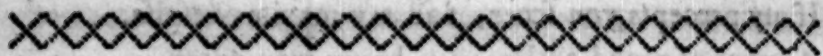
An EPIGRAM,

On seeing Lady A-----R's PICTURE.

WHEN her dear Portrait was to A-----R shewn,
 Adorn'd with charms and beauty—not her own!
 Where *Reynolds* pitying nature, kindly made
 Such lips! such eyes! as A-----R never had.
 “Ye Gods!” she cries, in extacy of heart,
 “How near may nature be exprest by art!”
 “Well!—it is wond’rous like!—nay, let me die,
 “My very pouting lip!—and killing eye!”
 —Sincere and blunt, as *Manly* in the play,
 Her Lord replies—“Like, Madam, did you say?”
 “The picture bears this likeness, it is true,
 “The Portrait’s painted, love,—and so are you!”

KITTY CARMINE.

Upon



*Upon seeing Mr. Taylor's pictures of Bath, and hearing
a Connoisseur swear that "they were finely painted
for a Gentleman."*

By MR. GARRICK.

TELL me the meaning, you who can,
Of "finely painted for a Gentleman!"

Is *Genius*, rarest gift of Heav'n,
To the *bir'd* artist only giv'n?
Or, like the Catholic Salvation,
Pal'd in for any class or station?
Is it bound 'prentice to the trade,
Which works, and, as it works, is paid?
Is there no skill to build, invent,
Unless inspir'd by Five per Cent?
And shalt thou *Taylor* paint in vain,
Unless impell'd by hopes of gain?
Be wise, my friend, and take thy fee,
That *Claud Loraine* may yield to thee.



An ACCOMPLISH'D WOMAN.

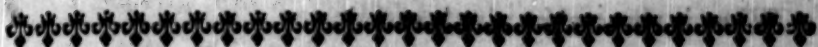
By Capt. R-----

TO form a fair one all complete,
 Regard the following receipt:
 Take noble *Devon's* lovely face,
 Take *Marlb'rough's* dignity, and grace,
 A grain of *Lady Bridget's* wit,
 The shape, and elegance of *Pit*;
 From *Smyth*, take every polish'd art
 That youth, and genius can impart,
 From *Cath'rine*, take th' historic page;
 From *Poole*, what most will love assuage:
 From *Townshend's* eye take Cupid's dart,
 Make *Lothian* fix it in the heart;
 What well will every care beguile,
 Must be collected from *Carlisle*;
 From *Pembroke's* conduct lessons take,
 To mould and mend a noble rake;
Dawkin's Hymen's torch shall lend;
 From *Langham*, learn to be a friend;
 Minerva's talents take from *Guise*;
 Take brilliancy from *Clayton's* eyes;

A little

A little dash of *Fitzroy's* spirit,
Craven's wish, and *Milford's* merit;
 Take *Cranbourne's* lively wit, and sense,
 With fair *Louisa's* innocence;
 Let *Atcheson*, the mind improve,
 And *Joddrel*, find the stake of love;
 Let *Bulkley*, lend the wedding chain;
 Ask *Milner*, how a heart to gain;
 From *Bayley*, learn a heart to keep,
 And honey take from *Beauchamp's* lip;
Morant, true social mirth, and ease,
 And *Henneage* every power to please;
 Take softness from *Carmarthen's* dame,
 And *Phelps*, to fan the lover's flame;
 Let *Crispigny*, by magic powers,
 Fill, and smooth domestic hours;
Granby, shall loves, and graces spare,
 And *Hubbard* banish every care:
 Let *Vaugban* * conduct the marriage reins,
 And *Meynell* ease a lover's pains;
 Taste—you will find in *Derby's* school;
 Let *Bamfield* teach you how to rule,
 And *Thanet*, all that gladdens life,
 In Friend!—in Mistress!—or in Wife!

* Golden Grove.



ELEGY on the death of the late Rev. E. K.

WHY seems so dull th' approach of spring,
So unenliven'd Phœbus ray ?

Why do the linnets cease to sing,
The tender lambkins cease to play ?

The groves, the meadows, why forbear
To wanton in a vernal dress,
And still a ruffet aspect wear,
And sympathetic grief express ?

As by yon' lake last night I stray'd,
Its croaking tenants seem'd to join
In fun'ral dirge, and thus essay'd
To speak their woes, or flatter mine.

I heard the turtle dove bemoan
The absence of her feather'd mate,
And pleasing seem'd the plaintive tone
That woo'd him to her sad retreat.

Not equal grief can'st thou pretend,
Turtilla, though some cause to mourn ;
Thy mate thou may'st regain ; my friend,
Ah ! never, never can return !

Flow

Flow the sad tributary tear,
 What is there else, alas ! remains ?
 His memory I must revere ;
 Expression real grief disdains.

AMICUS.



An O D E,

To Miss S---R, of York Buildings.

YES, Polly,—'tis at length too plain,—
 My boasted liberty how vain,
 Thy eyes triumphant prove :
 My freedom now I cease to boast,
 But think that freedom nobly lost,
 By serving thee, and Love !
 I talk'd, I laugh'd with ev'ry fair,
 No jealous pang, no anxious care,

Did

THE MUSE'S MIRROR.

47

Did e'er my heart perplex,
'Till I beheld, too lovely maid!
In thee, with ev'ry grace array'd,
The charms of all thy sex!

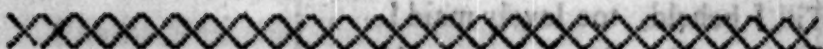
The rich perfumes Arabia yields,
The wealth that crowns Sicilia's fields,
Or fair Britannia's isle;
The silver treasures of the mine,
The golden sands, the gems that shine
In India's burning foil,

Tho' half mankind with toil pursue,
With more than stoic ease I view,

Such glitt'ring toys as the se:
But when the maid I love appears,
A thousand hopes, a thousand fears,
Distract my soul, and please.

E. M.

From



From the LOVE EPISTLES of ARISTÆNETUS.

Translated by Mr. SHERIDAN, and others.

E P I S T L E I.

L A Ì S:

* ARISTÆNETUS *to* PHILOCALUS.

† **B**LEST with a form of heav'nly frame,
 Blest with a soul beyond that form;
 With more than mortal ought to claim,
 With all that can a mortal warm,

Laïs

* There is a studied propriety in the very names of the supposed correspondents in these Epistles; having in the original this peculiar beauty, that generally one, and often both of them, bear an agreeable allusion to the subject of the several letters to which they are prefixed.

† In this letter Aristænetus describes the beauties of his mistress to his friend. This description differs in one circumstance from the usual poetic analysis

Laïs was from her birth design'd
 To charm—yet triumph over mankind.
 There Nature, lavish of her store,
 Gave all she could—and wish'd for more;
 Whilst *Venus* gaz'd, her form was such!
 Wond'ring how Nature gave so much:
 Yet added she new charms; for she
 Could add—"A fourth bright grace, she said,
 "A fourth, beyond the other three,
 "Shall raise my power in this sweet maid."
 Then *Cupid*, to enhance the prize,
 Gave all his little arts could reach:
 To dart Love's language in the eyes
 He taught—'twas all was left to teach.

O fairest of the virgin band!
 Thou master-piece of Nature's hand
 So like the Cyprian Queen I'd swear
 Her image fraught with life were there:
 But silent all: and silent be,
 That you may hear her praise from me:
 I'll paint my Laïs' form; nor aid
 I ask--- for I have seen the maid.

analysis of beauty; which is this, that (if we except the epithets
 "ruby," "snowy," &c. which could not well have been avoided) the
 lady it paints would be really beautiful: whereas, it is generally said,
 "that a negroe would be handsome, compared to woman in poetical
 dress."

Her cheek with native crimson glows,
But crimson soft'ned by the rose :
'Twas Hebe's self bestow'd the hue ;
Yet Health has added something too :
But if an over-tinge there be,
Impute it to her modesty.
Her lips of deeper red, how thin !
How nicely white the teeth within !
Her nose how taper to the tip !
And slender as her ruby lip :
Her brows in arches proudly rise,
As conscious of her pow'rful eyes :
Those eyes, majestic-black, display
The lustre of the god of day ;
And by the contrast of the white,
The jetty pupil shines more bright.
There the glad graces keep their court,
And in the liquid mirror sport.
Her tresses, when no fillets bind,
Wanton luxurious in the wind :
Like Dian's auburn locks they shone—
But Venus wreath'd them like her own.
Her neck, which well with snow might vie,
Is form'd with nicest symmetry ;
In native elegance secure
The most obdurate heart to wound ;
But she, to make her conquest sure,
With sparkling gems bedecks it round :

With

* With gems, that rang'd in order due,
 Present the fair one's name to view.
 Her light-spun robes in ev'ry part
 Are fashion'd with the nicest art,
 T'improve her stature, and to grace
 The polish'd limbs which they embrace.
 How beautiful she looks, when dress'd !

But view her freed from this disguise,
 Stript of th' unnecessary vest——

'Tis Beauty's self before your eyes.

How stately doth my Lai's go !
 With studied step, compos'dly slow :
 Superb, as some tall mountain-fir,
 Whom Zephyr's wing doth slightly stir :
 (For surely beauty is allied
 By nature very near to pride)
 The groves indeed mild breezes move,
 But her the gentler gales of love.
 From her the pencil learns its die——
 The rosy lip, the sparkling eye ;
 And bids the pictur'd form assume
 Bright Helen's mien, and Hebe's bloom.

* *“ With gems, that rang'd in order due,*

“ Present the fair one's name to view.”]

This conceit was formerly reckoned a peculiar elegance in a lady's dress.

But how shall I describe her breast!

That now first swells with panting throb

To burst the fond embracing vest,

And emulate her snow-white robe.

So exquisitely soft her limbs!

That not a bone but pliant seems;

As if th' embrace of love—so warm!

Would quite dissolve her beauteous form.

But when she speaks!--good heav'ns! e'en now

Methinks I hear my fav'rite song;

E'en yet with love's respect I bow

To all th' enchantment of her tongue.

---Her voice most clear---yet 'tis not strong;

Her periods full---tho' seldom long;

With wit, good-natur'd wit, endow'd;

Fluent her speech,---but never loud.

Witness, ye loves! witness; for well I know

To her you've oft attention given;

Oft penfile flutter'd on your wings of snow

To waft each dying sound to heaven.

Ah! sure this fair enchantress found

The zone which all the graces bound:

Not Momus could a blemish find

Or in her person or her mind.——

But why should beauty's goddess spare

To me this all-accomplish'd fair?

* I for

* I for her charms did ne'er decide,
 As Paris erst on lofty Ide;
 I pleas'd her not in that dispute;
 I gave her not the golden fruit:
 Then why the Paphian Queen so free?
 Why grant the precious boon to me?
 Venus! what sacrifice, what pray'r
 Can show my thanks for such a prize!
 ---To bless a mortal with a fair,
 Whose charms are worthy of the skies.

† She too, like Helen, can inspire
 Th' unfeeling heart of age with fire;
 Can teach their lazy blood to move,
 And light again the torch of love.

“ O! cry the old, that erst such charms
 “ Had bloom'd to bless our youthful arms;
 “ Or that we now were young, to show
 “ How we could love---some years ago!”

Have I not seen th' admiring throng
 For hours attending to her song!
 Whilst from her eyes such lustre shone
 It added brightness to their own:
 Sweet grateful beams of thanks they'd dart,
 That show'd the feeling of her heart.

* “*I for her charms did ne'er decide.*”]—This alludes to the well-known contest between Juno, Venus, and Minerva, for the golden apple.

† *She too, like Helen, &c.*]

54 THE MUSE'S MIRROR.

Silent we've sat with rapt'rous gaze !
 Silent---but all our thoughts were praise :
 Each turn'd with pleasure to the rest ;
 And this the pray'r that warm'd each breast.

- “ Thus may that lovely bloom for ever glow,
 “ Thus may those eyes for ever shine !
 “ O may'st thou never feel the scourge of woe !
 “ O never be misfortune thine !
 “ Ne'er may the crazy hand of pining care
 “ Thy mirth and youthful spirits break !
 “ Never come sickness, or love-cross'd despair
 “ To pluck the roses from thy cheek !——
 “ But blifs be thine---The cares which love supplies,
 “ Be all the cares that you shall dread ;
 “ The grateful drop, now glift'ning in your eyes,
 “ Be all the tears you ever shed.”

But hush'd be now thy am'rous song,
 And yield a theme, thy praises wrong :
 Just to her charms, thou can'st not raise
 Thy notes---but must I cease to praise ?
 Yes---I will cease---for she'll inspire
 Again the lay, who strung my lyre.
 Then fresh I'll paint the charming maid,
 Content, if she my strain approves ;
 Again my lyre shall lend its aid,
 And dwell upon the theme it loves:

EPISTLE II.



E P I S T L E II.

* *The PLEASING CONSTRAINT.*

By the same.

IN a snug little court as I stood t'other day,
 And caroll'd the loitering minutes away;
 Came a brace of fair nymphs, with such beautiful faces,
 That they yielded in number alone to the graces:
 Disputing they were, and that earnestly too,
 When thus they address'd me as nearer they drew——
 “ So sweet is your voice, and your numbers so sweet,
 “ Such sentiment join'd with such harmony meet;
 “ Each note that you raise finds its way to our hearts,
 “ Where Cupid engraves it wi' the point of his darts:
 “ But O! by these strains which so deeply can pierce,
 “ Inform us for whom you intended your verse:
 “ 'Tis for her she affirms---I maintain 'tis for me——
 “ † And we often pull caps in asserting our plea.”

* This sufficiently explains itself. It has no names prefixed to it in the original, and is very literally translated.

† “ *And we often pull caps*”] This is almost literally the Greek expression.

" Why ladies, cried I, you're both handsome, 'tis true,
 " But cease your dispute---I love neither of you :
 " My life on another dear creature depends,
 " Her I hasten to visit :---so kifs and be friends."
 " O ho !---said they, now you convince us quite clear,
 " For no pretty woman lives anywhere here---
 " That's plainly a sham :---Now to humour us both,
 " You shall swear you love neither ; so come take your
 " oath."

" I laughing replied, 'tis tyrannical dealing
 " To make a man swear, when 'tis plain he's not willing."

" Why friend, we've long sought thy fair person to seize;
 " And think you we'll take such excuses as these?
 " No---'twas chance brought you hither, and here you shall
 " stay

" Help, Phædra! to hold---or he'll sure get away."
 Thus spoken, to keep me between 'em they tried---
 'Twas a *pleasing constraint*; and I gladly complied.
 If I struggled---'twas to make them imprison me more,
 And strove---but for shackles more tight than before---
 But think not, I'll tell how the minutes were spent---
 You may think what you please---but they both were con-
 tent.

E P I S T L E. IV.

THE EXPERIMENT.

* PHILOCHORUS to POLYÆNUS.

By the same.

A S Hippias t'other day and I
Walk'd arm and arm, he said,

" That pretty creature dost thou spy

" Who leans upon her maid ?

" She's tall, and has a comely shape,

" And treads well too, I swear :

" Come on---by this good light, we'll scrape

" Acquaintance with the fair."

Good God ! cried I, she is not game

I'm sure for you or me :

Do nothing rashly---you're to blame ;

She's modest, you may see.

* In this letter a man describes the excellence of his friend in discovering the particular dispositions of the fair sex.

But

But he, who knew all womankind,

Thus answer'd with a sneer:

" You're quite a novice, friend, I find---

" There's nothing modest here.

" A virtuous dame this hour, no doubt,

" Would chuse to walk the streets ;

" Especially so dizen'd out,

" And smile on all she meets.

" Her rings, her bracelets, her perfumes,

" Her wanton actions prove

" The character which she assumes,

" And that her trade is love.

" See now, she fidgets with her vest—

" To settle it be sure ;

" And not at all to shew her breast,

" Nor wishing to allure.

" Her robe tuck'd up with nicest care—

" But that's to shew she's neat ;

" And though her legs are half-way bare

" She means to hide her feet.

" But

" But see ! she turns to look behind,
 " And laughs I'll take my oath ;
 " Come on—I'll warrant we shall find
 " The damsel *nothing loth*."

So up he march'd, and made his bow—
 No sooner off his hat,
 But, lover-like, he 'gan to vow,
 And soon grew intimate.

But first premis'd the ways were rough—
 " Madam, for fear of harm
 " I beg"—so cleverly enough
 He made her take his arm.

Then---" Fairest, for thy beauty's sake,
 " Which long has fir'd my breast,
 " Permit me to your maid to make
 " A fingle short request !

" And yet you know what I'd require,
 " And wherefore I apply :
 " Nought unrequited I desire,
 " But gold the boon shall buy.

" Pll

" I'll give, my fairest, what you please ;---

" You'll not exact, I'm sure :

" Then deign, bright charmer, deign to ease

" The torments I endure."

Affent sat smiling in her eyes ;

Her lilly hand he seiz'd ;

Nor feign'd she very great surprise,

Nor look'd so much displeas'd

---She blush'd a little too, methought,

As tho' she should refuse :---

But women, I've been told, are taught

To blush when'er they chuse,

Hippias was now quite hand in glove

With Miss, and firmly bent

To take her to the *bow'r of love*,

He whisper'd as he went---

" Well, Phil, say now, whose judgment's best ?

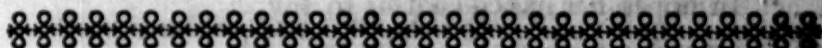
" Was I so very wrong ?

" You saw, not eagerly I press'd,

" Nor did I press her long.

" But

“ But you are ignorant, I see,
 “ So follow, and improve :
 “ For few, I ween, can teach like me
 “ The mysteries of love.”



* E P I S T L E VII.
 THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

CYRTION to DICTYS.

L ATE as upon the rocky strand
 Alone the death-barb'd bait I threw :
 Just as I tow'd a fish to land,
 Which almost broke my line in two——

Comes a fair maid, whose native bloom
 The tinct of art excell'd as far,
 As the wild fruits of nature's womb
 Beyond the hotbed's produce are.

* *Epistle VII.*]—A disagreeable end to a pleasing rencounter.

This

This prize is better than my fish,
 Thought I—'tis sure a lucky day,
 "—I want to bathe, Sir, and I wish
 " You'd watch my clothes while I'm away."

" Yes, yes, I eagerly replied,
 " In hopes her naked charms to spy,
 " I'll watch you clothes, and by their side
 " My faithful little dog shall lie."

She bow'd, and doff'd her mantle blue;
 Good heav'ns ! what beauties struck my sight :
 Thus morn's sweet ruddy skies I view,
 Fresh from the mist of lagging night.

Bright polish'd arms, a neck of snow,
 Through locks of lovely jet were seen ;
 Which by their blackness seem'd to throw
 An added lustre on her skin.

Two rising globules at her breast,
 Whose swelling throb was such,
 They seem'd upheaving to be prest,
 And sued impatient for the touch.

The wind was hush'd, the sea was calm ;
 And in the leap'd, and plow'd the tide——
 The froth that bubbled as she swam,
 Lost all its whiteness by her side.

But

But soon the wave's impetuous gush
Dash'd o'er her form a crimson hue;
She blush'd—you've seen the rosebud blush
Beneath its morning coat of dew.

Askance she view'd the wat'ry space,
Her neck averted from the tide,
As if old Ocean's cold embrace
Would shock her modest virgin-pride.

Each pressing wave, that seem'd to toy
With am'rous haste her limbs to kiss,
With coy rebuke she patted by;
Rebuk'd---but never could dismiss.

Still as she stem'd her liquid way,
Thought I, a *Nereid* 'tis that laves:
And when she tir'd, and left her play,
'Twas Venus rising from the waves.

Then from her oozy bed she sprung.
And shiv'ring on the bank reclin'd,
The while her dripping locks she wrung,
And spread them to the fanning wind.

Quick to present her clothes I rush'd,
And tow'rds her stretch my longing arms---
But she repuls'd me with a blush---
A blush that added to her charms.

Rage would have sparkled in her eyes ;---

Yet still they twinkled lovely sweet :

As suns in farther distant skies,

Emit their light without their heat.

Her robe she snatch'd, and round her waist

The azure mantle instant threw.---

" I'm sorry, Sir, I'm in such haste ;

" I thank you---but must bid adieu."

I gently press'd her hand ;---she frown'd ;

Yet took she not her hand away :

I kiss'd her hand---she turn'd around

To hide what conscious smiles betray.

---At length she broke my rod and net ;

Into the sea my capture tofs'd :

Then left me vainly to regret

The fish I'd caught, and her I lost.

EPISTLE XI.

* E P I S T L E XI.

THE ARTFUL MAID.

PHILOSTRATUS to EUAGORAS.

By the same.

A Lady thus her maid address'd:—

“ Like you the beauteous youth,
 “ On whom I doat, in whom I'm blest?—
 “ I charge you tell me truth.

“ Or is't my love that paints him fair,
 “ And all my fancy warms?
 “ For lovers oft deceived are,
 “ And prize ideal charms.

“ But say, the swain whom I admire,
 “ Do other women praise?
 “ Do they behold him with desire,
 “ Or view with scornful gaze?

The girl replied, who saw her cue,

Deep learn'd in flatt'ry's lore,

“ They all his beauty praise with you,
 “ With you they all adore.

* *Epistle XI.*] A Lady enquires whether the man she loved was really beautiful; her maid flatters, and assures her of it.

- " Behold," they cry, " that form divine
 " The sculptor's art should trace,
 " To bid the bust * of Hermes shine
 " With ev'ry manly grace."

 " I've heard them praise his arched nose,
 " And praise his auburn hair;
 " That spreading o'er his forehead grows
 " To make his face more fair.

 " I've heard them praise his stature high,
 " And praise his manly sense;
 " I've heard them praise!— and sure, thought I,
 " 'Tis Love gives eloquence.

 " His very dress has merit too,
 " Where taste with art agrees:
 " For tho' it is not always new,
 " It never fails to please.—

 " † Blest," will they say, " thrice blest the fair
 " For whom his heart shall burn:
 " Who shall a mutual ardour share,
 " And all his love return.

* *To bid the bust, &c.* The ancient sculptors used to copy the face of *Hermes* or *Mercury* from that of *Alcibiades*, who was reckoned the most beautiful model: "but now," says the maid, "women think your lover superior to him."

† *B'eft will, &c.*

Ergo mecastor, pulcher est, inquit mihi,
 Et liberalis. Vide cæsaries quam decet:
 Næ illæ sunt fortunatæ quæ cum illo, &c.

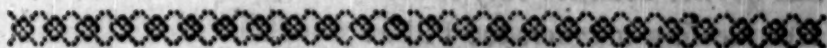
PLAUTUS MILITE.

" On

“ On her the Graces sure have smil’d
 “ With most propitious eye.”
 “ Thus the whole sex, with passions wild,
 “ For the same object sigh.”

But while the crafty maid arrang’d
 His charms in fairest light :
 Full oft the lady’s colour chang’d
 With raptures exquisite.

Convinc’d his grace was not ideal,
 Which all her sex could fire ;
 For women know that beauty real,
 When all who see, admire.



* E P I S T L E. XII.

THE ENRAPTURED LOVER.

EUEMERUS to LEUCIPPUS.

By the same.

HITHER, ye trav’lers, who have known
 The beauties of the eastern zone,
 Or those who sparkle in the west :
 Hither—O tell, and truly tell,
 That few can equal, none excel
 The fair who captivates my breast.

Survey

* *Epistle XII.]* A lover here summons all the judges of beauty to

Survey her in whatever light——

New beauties still engage your sight :

Nor does a single fault appear.

Momus might search, and search again,

But all his searches would be vain,

To find occasion for a sneer.

Her height, her shape—'tis all complete ;

And e'en remarkable her feet

For taper size, genteelly slim.—

And little feet each lover knows

Impart a striking charm to those

Who boast no other graceful limb.

But not her beauties only strike—

Her pleasing manners too I like :

From these new strength my passion gains.

For tho' her chastity be gone,

She deals deceitfully by none ;

And still some modesty remains.

And still may *Pythias* make pretence

To something much like innocence,

Which forges all my chains to last :

Whate'er you give, she turns to praise :

Unlike the harlot's odious ways,

Who sneers at presents e'er so vast.

decide in favour of his mistress. The libertine digression with which it concludes must be morally interpreted, as meant to shew into what extravagance a man may be led by an attachment, whose foundation is in vice.

We

We, like two thrushes on a spray,
Together sit, together play ;—
But telling would our pleasures wrong.

*—Suffice it, *Pythias* will oppose
My wanton passion, till it grows
By opposition doubly strong.

Her neck ambrosial sweets exhales ;
Her kisses, like Arabian gales,
The scent of musky flowers impart.
And I, reclining on her breast,
In slumbers, happy slumbers rest,
Rock'd by the beating of her heart !

Oft have I heard the vulgar say,
That absence makes our love decay,
And friends are friends but while in view :
But absence kindles my desire ;
It adds fresh fuel to the fire,
Which keeps my heart for ever true.

And O ! may Fate my thanks receive,
In that it forc'd me not to leave
The fair in whom my soul is plac'd.
† With truth my case did *Homer* write ;
For ev'ry time with new delight
My oft repeated joys I taste.

* Suffice it, &c.]

Quæ cum ita pugnaret tanquam quæ vincere nolle,
Vieta est non ægre proditiōe suâ.

† With truth, &c.]

OVID.

Sure

Sure this *is* joy—true native joy!
 Which malice never can destroy,
 Nor holy shackled fools receive.
Free joys! which from ourselves must flow;
 Such as *free* souls alone can know
 And *unchain'd* Love alone can give.

But say, ye prudes! ye worthless tribe!
 Who swear no gifts could ever bribe
 Your hearts sweet virtue to forsake—
 What *is* this treasure which ye boast?
 Ye vaunt because you have not lost
 —What none had charity to take,

Myrina carries on her back
 An antidote to Love's attack;
 Yet still at *Pythias* will she sneer.
 And as my love is passing by,
Chrysis distorts her single eye
 With looks of scorn, and virtuous fear,

Philinna scoffs at *Pythias* too,
 —Yet she is handsome it is true:—
 But then her heart's a heart of steel;
 Incapable of all desire,
 She ridicules Love's sacred fire,
 And mocks the joys she cannot feel,

Yet

Yet this is *Virtue*! woman's pride!
 From which if once she step aside,
 Her peace, her fame's for ever gone!
 —Away! 'tis impious satyr says
 That woman's good, and woman's praise
 Consist in *chastity* alone.

Can one short hour of *native* joy
 Nature's inherent good destroy?

And pluck all feeling from within?
 Shall Shame ne'er strike the base Deceiver,
 But follow still the poor Believer,
 And make all confidence a sin?

Did gentle Pity never move
 The heart once led astray by Love?

Was Poverty ne'er made its care?
 Did Gratitude ne'er warm the breast
 Where guilty joy was held a guest?
 Was Charity ne'er harbour'd there?

Does coy Sincerity disclaim
 The neighb'rhood of a lawless flame?

Does Truth with fame and fortune fall?
 Does ev'ry tim'rous virtue fly
 With that cold thing—call'd Chastity?
 —And has my *Pythias* lost them all?

No! No!—In thee, my life, my soul,
I swear I can comprize the whole

Of all that's good as well as fair :
And the' thou'lt lost what fools call Fame,
Tho' branded with a harlot's name,
To *me* thou shalt be doubly dear.

Then whence these fetters for desire?
Who made these laws for Cupid's fire?

Why is their rigour so uncommon?
Why is this honour-giving plan
So much extoll'd by tyrant man,
Yet binding only to poor woman?

Search not in Nature for the cause :—
Nature disclaims such *partial* laws.

'Tis all a creature of th' imagination :
By frozen prudes invented first,
Or hags with ugliness accurst—
A phantom of our own creation !

Two classes thus, my *Pythias*, shew
Their insolence to scoff at you :

First—they who've passions giv'n by Nature:
But as the task of Fame is hard,
They've blest Deformity to guard
Grim Virtue in each rugged feature.

And

And second they, who neither know
What passion means, nor Love can do :

Yet still for abstinence they preach ;
Whilst Envy, rankling in the breast,
Inflames them, seeing others blest,
To curse the joys they cannot reach.

Not but there are—tho' but a few !
With charms, with love—and virtue too :

But Malice never comes from them !
With charity they judge of all,
They weep to see a woman fall,
And pity where they most condemn.

If, *Pythias*, then thou'st done amiss,
This is thy crime, and only this :

That Nature gave thee charms to move,
Gave thee a heart to joy inclin'd,
Gave thee a sympathetic mind,
And gave a soul attun'd to love.

When Malice scoffs, then, *Pythias*, why
Glistens abash'd thy tearful eye ?

Why glows thy cheek, that should be gay ?
For tho' from shame thy sorrows gush,
Tho' conscious guilt imprints the blush,
By heav'ns, thou'rt modefter than they.

But

But let them scoff, and let them sneer——

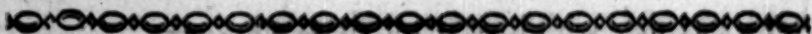
I heed them not, my love, I swear :

Nor shall they triumph in thy fall :——

I'll kiss away each tear of woe,

Hid by my breast thy cheek shall glow,

And Love shall make amends for all.



* E P I S T L E XIII.

THE SAGACIOUS DOCTOR.

EUTYCHOBULUS to ACESTODORUS.

By the same.

FORTUNE, my friend, I've often thought

Is weak, if Art assist her not :

So equally all Arts are vain,

If Fortune help them not again :

They've little lustre of their own

If separate, and view'd alone——

* *Epistle XIII.*] This is the story of *Antiochus* and *Seleucus* ; but related in *Aristænetus* under different names. *Seleucus* was one of *Alexander's* successors in *Asia*, having *Syria* for his kingdom : he married *Stratonice*, daughter to *Demetrius*, having had, by a former marriage, a son named *Antiochus*. *Stratonice* was the most beautiful and accomplish'd princess of her time ; and unhappily inspired her son-in-law with the most ardent passion :—he fell sick ; and *Seleucus* was in the greatest despair, when *Erasistratus*, one of his physicians, discovered the cause of the prince's malady, and, by his address, prevailed on the king to save his son's life, by resigning to him his wife, though he passionately loved her.

But

But when together they unite,
They lend each other mutual light.—

—But since all symphony seems long
To those impatient for the song,
And lest my apophthegms should fail,
I'll haste to enter on my tale.

Once on a time, (for time has been
When men thought neither shame nor sin
To keep, besides their lawful spouses,
A buxom filly in their houses)

Once on a time then, as I said,
A hopeful youth, well-born, well-bred,
Seiz'd by a flame he could not hinder,
Was scorch'd and roasted to a cinder.

For why, the cause of all his pain
Was, that he fear'd all hope was vain :

—In short, the youth must needs adore
The nymph his father lov'd before.

“ His father's mistress ? ”—even so,
And sure 'twas cause enough for woe.

In mere despair he kept his bed,
But feign'd some illness in its stead.

His father griev'd at his condition,
Sends post for an expert physician.

The doctor comes—consults his pulse—

No feverish quickness—no convulse ;

Observes his looks, his skin, his eye—

No symptoms there of malady ;

—At

—At least of none within the knowledge
Of all the Pharmaceutic college.

Long did our *Galen* wond'ring stand,
Reflecting on the case in hand.——

Thus as he paus'd, came by the fair,
The cause of all his patient's care.——

Then his pulse beat quick and high :

Glow'd his cheek, and roll'd his eye.

Alike his face and arm confest

The conflict lab'ring in his breast.

Thus chance reveal'd the hidden smart,

That baffled all the search of art.

Still paus'd the doctor to proclaim

The luckily-discover'd flame :

But made a second inquisition

To satisfy his new suspicion.

From all the chambers, ev'ry woman,

Wives, maids, and widows did he summon ;

And one by one he had them led

In order by the patients's bed.

He the meanwhile stood watchful nigh,

And felt his pulse, and mark'd his eye ;

(For by the pulse physicians find

The hidden motions of the mind ;)

While other girls walk'd by attractive,

The lover's art'ry lay inactive :

But when his charmer pass'd along,

His pulse beat doubly quick and strong.

Now

Now all the malady appear'd:
 Now all the doctor's doubts were clear'd;
 Who feign'd occasion to depart
 To mix his drugs, consult his art:
 He bid the father hope the best,
 The lover set his heart at rest,
 Then took his fee, and went away,
 But promis'd to return next day.
 Day came—the family environ
 With anxious eagerness our *Chiron*.
 But he repuls'd them rough, and cried,
 "Ne'er can my remedy be tried."
 The father humbly question'd, why
 They might not use the remedy?
 Th' enrag'd physician nought would say,
 But earnest seem'd to haste away—
 Th' afflicted fire more humble yet is,
 Doubles his offers, pray'rs, intreaties—
 While he, as if at last compell'd
 To speak what better were with-held,
 In anger cried—"Your son must perish—
 "My wife alone his life can cherish—
 "On her th' adult'rer doats---and I
 "My rival's hated sight would fly."
 The fire was now alike distress,
 To save his boy, or hurt his guest:
 Long struggled he 'twixt love and shame;
 At last parental love o'ercame.

And

And now he begs without remorse
His friend to grant this last resource :
Intreats him o'er and o'er t' apply
This hard, but only remedy.
" What, prostitute my wife !" exclaims
The doctor, " pimp for lawless flames ?"---
Yet still the father teaz'd and prest ;---
" O grant a doating fire's request !
" The *necessary* cure permit,
" And make my happiness complete."
Thus did the doctor's art and care
The anxious parent's heart prepare :
And found him trying long and often
The term *adultery* to soften.
---He own'd, " that custom sure enough,
" Had made it sound a little rough :
" But then, said he, we ought to trace
" The source and causes of the case.
" All prejudice let's lay aside,
" And taking Nature for our guide,
" We'll try with candour to examine
" On what pretence this fashion came in."
Then much he talk'd of man's first state,
(A copious subject for debate !)
Of choice and instinct then disputes,
With many parallels to brutes ;
All tending notably to prove,
That instinct was the law of Love :---

In short, that Nature gave us woman,
 Like earth and air, to hold in common.
 Then learned authors would he quote,
 Philosophers of special note,
 Who only thought their dames worth feeding,
 As long as they held out for breeding;
 And when employ'd in studious courses,
 Would let them out, as we do horses.
 Last follow'd a facetious query,
 To rank the sex *naturæ feræ*.

The doctor, when the speech was clos'd,
 Confess'd he was a little pos'd.
 Then looking impudently grave,
 "And how would you," said he, "behave?"
 "Would you part freely with your wife,
 "To save a friend's expiring life?"
 "By Jove, I'd act as I advise,"
 "The father eagerly replies.---"
 "Then," cries the doctor, "I have done---"
 "Intreat yourself to save your son.
 "He loves your girl---can you endure
 "To work the *necessary* cure?"
 "If it were just that I should give
 "My wife to cause a friend to live;
 "You surely may bestow with joy
 "Your mistress, to preserve your boy."
 He spoke with Sense, he spoke with Art:
 Conviction touch'd the Father's heart:---

" 'Tis

" 'Tis hard (he cried) 'tis passing hard
 " To lose what I so much regard!
 " But when two dread misfortunes press,
 " 'Tis wisdom sure to choose the less."



* E P I S T L E XVI.
 THE BASHFUL LOVER.

LAMPRIAS to PHILIPPIDES.

By the same.

IN secret pining thus I sigh'd,
 " Love, thou alone my flame do'st know,
 " Who did'st the fatal arrow guide,
 " And Venus, who prepar'd thy bow.
 " Not to my friend, to her much less
 " Dare I my hopeless flame disclose;
 " And love conceal'd, burns to excess,
 " And with redoubled ardour glows.
 " Me, Cupid, hast thou robb'd of rest;
 " Wound too the maid whose love I seek;
 " But pierce with lighter shaft her breast,
 " Lest grief make wan that blooming cheek."

* *Epistle XVI]* A lover, who had long feared to disclose his passion, at length describes to his friend the circumstances of success.

Sweet

Sweet did she speak, and sweetly smile,
When lately I admittance had,
Yet seem'd she so reserv'd the while,
The inconstitence made me mad.

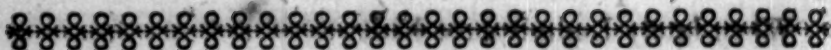
Her snowy hands, her lovely face
I view'd with admiration fill'd :
Her easy negligence of dress,
Her bosom, seat of bliss, reveal'd !

Still dar'd I not my love make known,
But silently to Cupid pray'd,
" Grant that she first her passion own !"—
The pow'rful archer lent his aid.

Sudden she seiz'd my hand—her eyes
With am'rous elocution speak—
Instant her wonted rigour flies,
And Love sits dimpling on her cheek.

Intoxicated with desire,
Her panting neck she did incline :
And kiss'd me with such life and fire,
I thought her soul would blend with mine.

—Description can no farther go,
T' express our happiness too weak—
But well did half-form'd accents show,
Our joys were more than we could speak.



* E P I S T L E. XVII.

THE HAUGHTY BEAUTY.

XENOPEITHES to DEMARETUS.

YES, she is cold—Oh! how severely cold!—
 That breast Love's gentle taper ne'er could warm.---
 Who could believe a heart of savage mould
 Was e'er enshrin'd within so bright a form?

Yet not unnotic'd in the fields of Love
 Have I sustain'd full many a brisk campaign:
 For many a trophy strove,---nor vainly strove,---
 While maids, and wives, and widows own'd my reign.

But now, alas! that idle boast expires;
 And *Daphnis* wears the laurels I had won.
 Now *Xenopeithes* pines with new desires,
 And all his fame in one defeat is flown.

Yes---she is every way replete with wiles---
 Loves she?---'tis silence.---Is she lov'd?---'tis scorn,
 Flatt'ry she hates;---at proffer'd gifts she smiles.---
 As law, must her imperious will be borne.

* *Epistle XVII.*] From a lover complaining of the pride and insensibility of his mistress.

Laughs

Laughs she?---her lips alone that laughter own---
 No smiling dimples on her cheeks are spread---
 And once I ventur'd to reprove her frown,
 And told her, "Charms should love inspire, not
 dread."---

As well might I have spoken to the air,
 Or to an afs have touch'd the melting lute.
 But still---* The falling drop the stone will wear,---
 And still I'll ply my disappointed suit.

With more delusive baits my hook I'll gild---
 Still on my line the slipp'ry prize shall play.
 ---And 'tis Love's grand distinction not to yield,
 But toil and toil, altho' he lose the day.

Ten years could vanquish heav'n-defended Troy---
 And O! do thou, my friend, assist my aim---
 (For thou hast felt the all-destructive boy)
 † The same our labours, as our skiff the same,

* *The falling drop, &c.*] An ancient proverb.

"Nonne vides etiam guttas in saxa cadentes,

"Humoris longo spatio pertundere saxa."

LUCRET. lib. iii.

"Hard bodies, which the lightest stroke receive,

"In length of time will moulder and decay;

"And stones with drops of rain are wash'd away."

† *The same our labours, &c.*] Another Greek proverb.

, n eâdem es navi.---

CIC. Epist. 7.

An



An E P I G R A M,

To Miss POLLY TEMPEST, singing.

THE melting strain, bright maid, give o'er,
 Nor thus exert a skill,
 Which only charms to wound the more,
 And ravishes to kill :
 The list'ning ear on transport hung,
 The Syren thus enjoy'd,
 Gave more than rapture while she sung,
 But as she sung destroy'd.



Hymn to the MORNING.

DAUGHTER of Heav'n ! Aurora rise,
 Thy cheering course to run,
 With lustre crimson o'er the skies,
 And usher in the sun.

Thy

Thy balmy breath's refreshing pow'r,
Shall soon revive the plain,
Awake the sweets of ev'ry flower,
And gladden every swain.

The virgin yet untaught to figh,
Shall lightly tread the vale,
And raise with joy the tearless eye,
To bid thy presence hail.

Come, modest maid, with blushes speak,
In all thy roses drest,
Diffusing health to ev'ry cheek,
And peace on every breast.

Come, Morning, come, which Heav'n design'd,
Its choicest gifts to bear,
And kindly teach the human mind,
To worship and revere.

In wonder wrapt let Nature stand,
To think how much she owes,
And learn to praise the gracious hand,
From whence the blessing flows.



Amor vincit omnia, & nos cedamus amori. VIRGIL.

THE pang that wounds the tortur'd breast,
 No mortal can conceive,
 Since Sylvia first destroyed my rest,
 And taught me how to grieve.

No gentle slumbers close my eyes,
 Or mitigate my pain,
 The night is only spent in sighs,
 And lengthen'd to complain.

Oh! Sylvia, hear a doating youth,
 And pity his distress;
 Oh! hear him swear eternal truth,
 And bid him suffer less.

Who can behold a face so fair,
 And still his heart maintain?
 Th' unequal task let all declare,
 And own the effort vain.

Who can withstand the nameless charm,
 That dwells in sense refin'd,
 Or who resist the faultless form,
 That views the spotless mind.

Resistless

Resistless maid ! whom Heav'n has blest,
 Your own perfection see ;
 Behold your pow'r o'er every breast,
 And learn to pity me.

Cbeshunt,
Feb. 7, 1762.

REKLAWTTAYE.



A PASTORAL HYMN to JANUS,
 MDCCLXII.

*Written on a supposition that her Majesty's Birth day was in
 the month of January.*

Te primum pia thura rogent, te vota salutant,

—te colat omnis hanos.

MART. ad Janum.

TO the god Janus, shepherds raise a shrine,
 His honours be divine !

And, as to mighty Pan, with homage bow !

To him the virgin troop shall tribute bring ;

He shall be hail'd like the green livery'd Spring,
 Spite of the wint'ry storms that stain his brow.

The painted pride, the pageantry of May,
Glides wantonly away ;
But January, in his rough-spun vest,
Boasts the full blessings that can never fade,
Since he gave birth to the illustrious maid,
Whose beauties make the British monarch blest.

Could the soft Spring with all her sunny show'rs,
The frolic nurse of flow'rs,
Or flaunting Summer, flush'd in ripen'd pride,
Could they produce a finish'd sweet so rare ?
Or from his golden stores a gift so fair,
Say, has the fertile Autumn e'er supply'd ?

Henceforward let the hoary month be gay.
As the white hawthorn'd May !

The laughing goddess of the spring disown'd :
Her rosy wreath shall on his brows appear ;
Old Janus, as he leads, shall fill the year,
And the less fruitfull Autumn be dethron'd !

Above the other months supremely blest,
Glad Janus stands confest !

He can behold with retrospective face

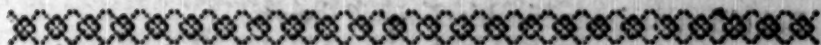
The mighty blessings of the year gone by :
Where to connect a monarch's nuptial tie,
Assembl'd ev'ry glory—every grace——

While

While he looks forward on the flatt'ring year,
 The golden hours appear,
 (As in the sacred reign of Saturn) fair.
 Britain shall prove, from this propitious date,
 Her honours perfect—victories complete,
 And boast the brightest hopes———A

BRITISH HEIR!

J. CUNNINGHAM.



The MODERN TRAVELLER.

FROM the grand tour, thro' Paris, Florence, Rome,
 The travell'd youth returns accomplish'd home.
 Learn'd in each gout, and vers'd in ev'ry fashion,
 He comes to teach and to adorn the nation.
 With smartest airs he sparkles thro' the town,
 And views with scorn the academick clown ;
 A modern wit, extremely read in French,
 Can sing, and dance, and drefs, and swear, and wench.
 Accomplishments like his demand esteem ;
 He knows the world,—ay, and the world knows him.

Verses



*Verses to a young Lady with the New Edition of
Shakespeare by Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens.*

A CCEPT, sweet maid, each Scene that Shakespeare
drew,
Scenes, whose great lessons may improve ev'n you !

Vol. I. *Tempest.*

Behold your image in his *Tempest* shewn,
For sure Miranda's spotless mind's your own !——

Gent. of Verona.

Let false Verona's rake your anger move,
But spare his friend, who boasts a constant love.

Merry Wives, &c.

To check your mirth tho' prudish matrons try,
With Mrs. Ford, in harmless frolics vie,

Vol. II. *Meas. for Meas.*

Like Isabel on virtue found your pleasure ;
“ Quit like with like, give Measure still for Measure.”

Com. of Errors.

With Adriana's, be your rage suppress'd,
For life's a scene of Errors at the best.

Much Ado, &c.

From Claudio's scorn, and injur'd Hero's blame,
Learn, what small slips o'erturn a woman's fame.

Vol.

Love's Lab. Lost.

To try their temper, lovers sometimes roast,
Like Rosaline, whose Labour was not Lost.

Vol. III. Midf. Night's Dream.

Like Hermia, rather from a parent part,
Than yield your person, and withhold your heart.

Merch. of Venice.

Wife Portia's caskets, e'er you wed, employ;
Who chuse for riches ne'er will give you joy:

As You Like it.

And when your point, like Rosalind, you've carried,
Strive not to wear the breeches when you're married.

Vol. IV. Taming the Shrew.

Still Kath'rine's conquer'd passions keep in view,
Ere some Petruchio comes to Tame a Shrew;

All's Well, &c.

And when your Graces have a Bertram warm'd,
Think, no bad husband is a rake reform'd.

Twelfth Night.

When Belch or Aguecheek for love applies,
Detest the drunkard, and the fool despise.

Winter's Tale.

Ne'er of your husband's friend too fond appear,
Leonte's jealousy may else be near.

Macbeth.

Macbeth.

And lest ambition blast your peaceful life,
Behold the end of Cawdor's guilty wife!

Vol. V. *K. John.*

Of love maternal mark the influence mild
When widow'd Constance weeps her murder'd child.

K. Rich. II.

Thro' changing fortunes let thy faith be seen,
A bright example shines in Richard's Queen.

Vol. VI. *King Henry IV. 2 parts.*

And if a Soldier you should chance to marry,
Know, while he's absent you at home must tarry.

King Henry V.

Like t'other Kate, no fault'ring Lover blame;
Half French, half English, honest Love's the same.

King Henry VI. 3 parts.

O'er pious Henry, sorrow's tribute pay,—
But make your husbands kifs as well as pray;

Vol. VII. *King Richard III.*

Yet clasp no Statesman, Gloster-like, too close,
Soon cloy'd, they'll give poor Lady Anne a dose.

King Henry VIII.

And know like, Bullen, should you match above you—
The great may marry—but not long will love you.

Corio-

Coriolanus.

No patriot Marcius take, their faith's but brittle,
They love their country much—their wives but little.

Vol. VIII. *Julius Cæsar.*

To Portia's actions, all but one aspire—
For what is drinking drams but swallowing fire?

Antony and Cleopatra.

Hate spendthrift Antonies, who cram the fair,
And make them drink the pearls they'd rather wear.

Timon.

To no grave Timon be your favour shown,
He ne'er can love your sex who hates his own:

Titus Andronicus.

No Cook, like Andronicus, deign to try,
Who great ambition soars to raise—a pye.

Vol. IX. *Troilus and Cressida.*

Nor e'er like Cressida, wanton girl, be led
By some old Pandar to a lawless Bed.

Cymbeline.

Accept no Posthumus, content to roam;—
Such, send their spies to tempt a wife at home.

King Lear.

Your dearest childrens' wav'ring duty fear,
Nor give up all your wealth like beggar'd Lear.

Vol. X.

Vol. X. *Romeo and Juliet.*

But let some Romeo that soft Nature move,
Mix with thy soul, and yield thee Love for Love.

Hamlet.

In each rude Hamlet's bosom scorn a part,
Whose only triumph is to break your heart:

Othello.

And all black husbands—they're enough to fright one
May Zara long live happy with a white one!



By Mr. PRIOR.

TO Richmond and Peterburgh, Matt gave his letters,
And thought they were safe in the hands of his
betters.

How happen'd it then that the Packets were lost?
These were Knights of the Garter, not Knights of the Post.

Mr.

Shouts answ'ring shouts, from Kent and Essex roar,
 And bells break loud tho' every gust of air :
 Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
 As at the coming of some mighty King.

Now pass we Gravesend with a friendly wind,
 And Tilbury's white fort and long Blackwall ;
 Greenwich, where dwells the friend of human kind,
 More visited than our Park or Hall,
 Withers the good, and (with him ever join'd)
 Facetious Disney, greet thee first of all ;
 I see his chimney smoke, and hear him say,
 Duke, that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay.

Come in, my friends, here shall you dine and lie,
 And here shall breakfast and here dine again ;
 And sup and breakfast on, (if ye comply)
 For I have still some dozens of Champaign :
 His voice still lessens as the ship sails by ;
 He waves his hand to bring us back in vain ;
 For now I see, I see proud London's spires ;
 Greenwich is lost, and Deptford Dock retires.

Oh ! what a concourse swarms on yonder key ;
 The Sky re-echoes with new shouts of joy :
 By all this show, I ween, 'tis Lord May's day ;
 I hear the voice of trumpet and hautboy—
 No, now I see them near—Oh, these are they
 Who come in crowds, to welcome thee from Troy.

Hail to the Bard whom long as lost we mourn'd,
From siege, from battle, and from storm return'd.

Of goodly Dames, and courteous Knights, I view
The silken petticoat, and broider'd vest ;
Yea Peers, and mighty Dukes, with ribbands blue,
(True blue, fair emblem of unstained breast)

Others I see as noble, and more true,

By no court-badge distinguish'd from the rest :
First see I Methwen, of sincerest mind,
As Authur grave, as soft as woman-kind.

What Lady's that to whom he gently bends ?

Who knows not her ? ah ! those are Wortley's eyes ;
How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends ?

For she distinguishes the good and wife.

The sweet-tongu'd Murray near her side attends.

Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies ;
Now Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell.

I see two lovely sisters hand in hand,

The fair hair'd Martha and Teresa brown ;

Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land ;

And smiling Mary, soft and fair as down ;

Yonder I see the chearful Duchess stand,

For friendship, zeal, and blithsome humours known :

Whence that loud shout in such a hearty strain ?

Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.

See next the decent Scudamore advance,
 With Winchelsea, still meditating song :
 With her perhaps Miss How came there by chance,
 Nor knows with whom, or why she comes along.
 Far off from these see Santlow, fam'd for dance ;
 And frolick Bicknell, and her sister young ;
 With other names, by me not to be nam'd,
 Much lov'd in private, not in public fam'd.

But now behold the female band retire,
 And the shrill musick of their voice is still'd.
 Methinks I see fam'd Buckingham admire
 That in Troy's ruin thou hadst not been kill'd ;
 Sheffield, who knows to strike the living lyre
 With hand judicious, like thy Homer, skill'd.
 Bathurst impetuous hastens to the coast,
 Whom you and I strive who shall love the most.

See generous Burlington, with goodly Bruce,
 (But Bruce comes wafted in a soft sedan)
 Dan Prior next, below'd by every muse,
 And friendly Congreve, unreprouchful man !
 (Oxford by Cuninghame hath sent excuse)
 See hearty Watkins comes with cup and cann ;
 And Lewis, who has never friend forsaken ;
 And Laughton whisp'ring asks—Is Troy town taken ?

Earl Warwick comes, a free and honest mind,
 Bold, gen'rous Craggs, whose heart was ne'er disguis'd:
 Ah why, sweet St. John, cannot I thee find?

St. John for every social virtue priz'd,—
 Alas to foreign climates he's confin'd,
 Or else to see thee here I well surmiz'd:
 Thou too my Swift dost breathe Bæotian air,
 When wilt thou bring back wit and humour here?

Harcourt I see for eloquence renown'd,
 The mouth of justice, oracle of law!
 Another Simon is beside him found,
 Another Simon, like as straw to straw.
 How Lansdown smiles, with lasting laurel crown'd!
 What mitred prelate there commands our awe?
 See Rochester approving nods his head,
 And ranks one modern with the mighty dead.

Carlton and Chandois thy arrival grace;
 Hanmer, whose eloquence th' unbiass'd sways;
 Harley, whose goodness opens in his face,
 And shews his heart the seat where virtue stays.
 Ned Blount advances next with busy pace
 In haste, but sauntering, hearty in his ways:
 I see the friendly Carylls come by dozens,
 Their wives, their uncles, daughters, sons, and cousins,

Arbuthnot there I see, in physick's art,
 As Galen learn'd, or famed Hippocrate;
 Whose company drives sorrow from the heart,
 As all disease his med'cines dissipate:
 Kneller amid the triumph bears his part,
 Who could (were mankind lost) anew create;
 What can th' extent of his vast soul confine?
 A painter, critick, engineer, divine!

Thee Jervas hails, robust and debonair,

Now have [we] conquer'd Homer, friends, he cries:
 Dartneuf, grave joker, joyous Ford is there,

And wond'ring Maine so fat with laughing eyes:

(Gay Maine, and Cheney, boon companions dear,

Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of size)

Yea Dennis, Gildon, (hearing thou hast riches)

And honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches,

O Wanley, whence com'st thou with shortned hair,

And visage from thy shelves with dust besprent?

"Forsooth (quoth he) from placing Homer there,

"For ancients to compyle is myne entente;

"Of ancients only hath Lord Harley care:

"But hither me hath my meeke lady sent,

"In manuscript of Greeke rede we thilke fame,

"But book yprint best plesyth myn gude dame."

Yonder

Yonder I see, among th' expecting croud,
Evans with laugh jocose, and tragick Young;
High-buskin'd Booth, grave Mawbert, wand'ring Frowd,
And Titcomb's belly waddles flow along.

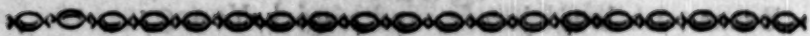
See Digby faints at Southern talking loud,
Yea Steele and Tickell mingle in the throng:
Tickle whose skiff (in partnership they say)
Set forth for Greece, but founder'd in the way.

Lo the two Doncastles in Berkshire known!
Lo Bickford, Fortescue, of Devon land!
Lo Tooker, Eckerhall, Sykes, Rawlinson:
See hearty Morley takes thee by the hand.

Ayrs, Graham, Buckridge, joy thy voyage done;
But who can count the leaves, the stars, the sand?
Lo Stonor, Fenton, Caldwell, Ward and Broome;
Lo thousands more, but I want rhyme and room.

How lov'd! how honour'd thou! yet be not vain;
And sure thou art not, for I hear thee say,
All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,
On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay.
What from contending cities did he gain?

And what rewards his grateful country pay?
None, none were paid—why then all this for me?
These honours, Homer, had been just to thee.



Reflections on a Clean Shirt.

HAIL bright invention! by whose friendly aid,
 This shirt once more so decently is made!
 Goddess of arts and industry arise,
 Assert thy legal empire in the skies.
 With smiles behold the salutary rub,
 And crown the labours of the daily tub.
 But bless that friend to Covent Garden bloods,
 Who first invented proper soap and suds.
 This only shirt, occasionally white,
 May now appear, Lucinda, in thy sight.
 The Park once more with credit it may view,
 Nor shrink behind the sable of its hue.
 An added air of decency disclose,
 And meet respect at Hughes's or the Rose.
 Some friend, perhaps, may take it home to dine,
 And treat its master with a gill of wine.
 Thanks to my stars, it does not look so mean,
 But seems tol-lol, and comfortably clean.

Genius of true benevolence arise,
 And mark this æra with indignant eyes,
 Where fools are rais'd to livings and to place,
 And want of honour dignifies his grace

Where

Where dress in triumph by the follies led
Sets off the mean and despicable head ;
And taudry lace finds out the happy art
To gild the sordid baseness of the heart—
Why did I learn in these degen'rate days
To run from solid pudding after praise ?
To hold the mirror to a rascal's eyes,
And lash a rev'rend villain in disguise ?
O that the stars this bosom could create
Low as my lot, and humble as my fate !
Without one spark of animating fire,
One wish refin'd, or elegant desire !
Then had I past in opulence my days,
And felt advancement's salutary rays ;
Had known the utmost value of an hour,
And lick'd the footstool of superior pow'r :
A villain's crimes had flatter'd and excus'd,
Smil'd when he smil'd ; and, when he frown'd, abus'd.
On modest worth had insolently trod,
Traduc'd my friend, and scandaliz'd my God.

These, these, alas ! are now the only ways
To gain preferment or to rise to praise.
These methods now support the meanest cause,
And purchase favour, friendship, and applause ;
The vilest slave that infamy can brand,
Or midnight murder blacken with a hand,
Who basely triumph'd o'er the widow's fears,
And laugh'd at helpless innocence in tears,

Whose very wife, with prostituted charms,
He took, all reeking, from licentious arms,
And ow'd a mean, or despicable place,
To something more than credible disgrace;
Dress him but well, his company's desir'd,
His life approv'd, his character admir'd,
Protection smiles complacently on high,
And favour views him with its fondest eye;
Till, by degrees, to dignity he grows,
And soars to honour basely as he rose.

Far other fate on modest worth attends,
Of means bereft, and destitute of friends;
In this wide world by fortune set afloat,
The poor possessor of an—only coat.
Yet nobly scorns by infamy to please,
Or rise by steps so scandalous as these.
Taste to his wants no liberty allows,
But stares to see, and reddens if he bows.
And not alone regardless of his guise,
Affects to laugh, and publicly despise.
The choice companions of his happier days
Salute with pride's most despicable gaze;
Refuse to smooth the sharpness of distress,
And blush to meet his shabbiness of dress.
In vain the poor afflicted is possess'd
Of all the virtues of the human breast:
In vain he's honest, sensible, and kind,
Politely bred, and modestly refin'd;—

No eye that shuns, munificent, bestows
 A means to purge the scandal of his clothes ;
 No feeling breast the least assistance lends,
 Because he needs the bounty of his friends ;
 In vain 'tis known how greatly he has griev'd,
 Because, alas ! he wants to be reliev'd !

Yet humble merit never should despair,
 But learn to feel, and study how to bear.
 Implicit rev'rence the Almighty will,
 Nor always think that poverty's an ill.
 Be less expert to wound its own repose,
 Nor strive to raise imaginary woes.
 If means of wealth and honour are deny'd,
 No world will envy or condemn his pride ;
 No fawning slave a feign'd respect will pay,
 Appear to smile, and study to betray.
 No mind ambitious insolently blame,
 Traduce his deeds, and vilify his fame ;
 If Heav'n's high wisdom has been pleas'd to shed
 The humble means to furnish him with bread ;
 The rising sigh should swell his heart no more ;
 Or only heave to worship and adore.
 Less true content, magnificently drest,
 The ermin'd wretch finds center'd in his breast ;
 Who owes his boasted consequence and rise
 To steps which truth and virtue should despise :
 Doom'd by the justice of avenging fate,
 To sigh in splendor, and to pine in state,

Her

Her sharpest woes eternal conscience brings,
 And wakens guilt to aggravated stings,
 Reflection haunts him in her dread extremes,
 And spreads distraction through his midnight dreams,
 His flight pursues and follows him behind,
 To murder all the comforts of his mind,—
 While peace holds watch on lowly virtue's door,
 And shares some pleasure to the worthy poor,
 Her freshest roses on their pillows strews,
 And nightly crowns it with a safe repose,
 Preserves a calm tranquility from hurt,
 And gives contentment to *an only shirt*.

1762

XX

To General Conway on his being made Secretary of State.

UNDAUNTED chief, to Britain dear,
 Who late was in disgrace,
 Believe me, I am glad to hear,
 Your worth has gain'd a place.
 How good and gracious, wise and great,
 In George your R—— M——,
 To give you first a broken pate,
 And then apply a plaister. F.—

THE



THE STROLLING PLAYER.

A T A L E.

A Strolling play'r, as story tells,
 If truth in modern stories dwells,
 Stood once proclaiming Richard's fate
 Hard by an honest farmer's gate ;
 And saw the clowns with pleasure come,
 Who heard the beating of the drum :
 For country actors roam about,
 Whene'er their cash or credit's out.
 Or when his Worship shall determine
 To drive them out like other vermin,
 Then some poor youth, who fain would sup,
 For sixpence takes the drum-stick up,
 And gladly rambles up and down,
 To beat the play thro' all the town.
 And oft this man, by hunger prest,
 Is better paid than all the rest.——

But as our present mouth-piece stood,
 And curdled every rustic's blood,
 Exerted all his might and pow'r
 On Henry murder'd in the Tow'r;

How

How Glo'ster basely took his life,
And after married Edward's wife.
Then quickly stopp'd his nephews breath,
By vilely stifling them to death.
With many other horrid crimes,
Whose mention shocks the latest times.
Till Richmond nobly made him yield,
And kill'd the wretch in Bosworth field.

The honest farmer, sighing, said,
" What ways there are of getting bread !
" I dare say, friend, you'd think it hard
" To work in any farmer's yard ;
" Yet tell me, tho' you speak so fine,
" Whose trade is better, yours or mine ?
" Is any fellow in your station
" Of half our value to the nation ?
" And yet at us you tofs your nose,
" Whene'er you get a rag of clothes ;
" With saucy jest presume to flout us,
" Altho' you could not eat without us :
" In London why I've seen the play'rs
" In better waistcoats than our May'rs :
" Nay, I declare it on my word,
" I've seen an actor wear a sword.
" And not a creature in the town,
" Would ever knock the fellow down,
" Altho' the puppy had began
" To think himself a gentleman :

" When

“ When but the very summer after,
“ (I scarce can mention it for laughter)
“ He came among the country boors,
“ And beat just such a drum as your’s ;
“ What can you say ?” the farmer cry’d,
When thus our orator reply’d,
“ Sir, if my word you’ll please to trust,
“ I own your censure often just :
“ Experience every day declares,
“ The foolish pride of many play’rs ;
“ And some perhaps, but let that rest,
“ Whose lives are not the very best ;
“ For tho’ this truth on some may fall,
“ The censure ne’er can reach to all.
“ A rascal high soever drawn,
“ Had been a rascal clad in lawn,
“ And worth will every eye engage,
“ Tho’ fortune place it on the stage ;
“ Professions, Sir, you never find
“ Have chang’d the temper of the mind :
“ And if a man, genteely bred,
“ A faultless life has always led ;
“ Why will your censure wish to blame
“ The merit justice should proclaim ?
“ I need not say what native fires,
“ Or judgment such a life requires,
“ A truth like this I need not smother.
“ They’re higher much than any other :

“ And

- " And if sometimes we meet with losses ;
 " All men are liable to crosses ;
 " Why is an actor's made a jest,
 " When pity smiles on all the rest ?
 " Had fortune burnt your haggards down,
 " You, Sir, had worked about the town,
 " Had beat a drum, or acted worse,
 " Without a sixpence in your purse."

Here paus'd the youth. The farmer turn'd,
 Whose breast with true good nature burn'd,
 " Of all thy trade I ne'er espy'd
 " A man possess so little pride :
 " I ask thy pardon, honest youth,
 " Thou hast spoke nothing but the truth ;
 " And while with us you choose to stay,
 " I beg thou'lt see me every day,
 " Nor blush, if e'er thou art distressed,
 " To be an honest farmer's guest.
 " A man I dare be sworn thou art,
 " Blest with a very noble heart.
 " And harkee—nay—but this way stand,
 " Here take a guinea in thy hand,
 " Had I been in thy place, I see.
 " You would have acted just like me.

THE MUSE'S MIRROR.

III



*To M. Elie de Beaumont, Counsellor before the Parliament
of Paris, on his generous defence of John Calas.*

By Mr. LANGHORNE.

BEAUMONT, distinguish'd by the lib'ral mind,
One British wreath thy honour'd brows shall bind;
Nor, tho' Voltaire bestows immortal praise,
Disdain this offering of obscurer bays.

Who scorns mean superstition's base controul,
And clears away the rubbish from the soul;
Whose incense flames on truth's transparent shrine,
Who bows to reason as the best divine;
Who, while false sanctions cruel power invest,
Dares, nobly dares, for innocence oppress:
For him the Muse with pious care shall rove,
To cull the pride of all th' Aonian grove,
Stamp his fair honours in her strain sublime,
'And bear her Beaumont o'er the reck's of time.—

EPIGRAM,

EPIGRAM,

On a Lady who was troubled with St. Vetus's dance.

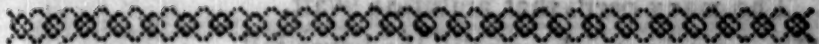
WE now shall find the longitude,
And safely cross the ocean;
Lucinda does so well explain,
The fam'd perpetual motion.—

T. HARRISON.

On the Scotch Pavement.

HAD paving London streets in taste,
Been left to me alone.
On Scotchmens heads we might have trod,
And B—e the corner stone.

F—.

*An Elegy on a Tallow Candle.*

PENSIVE I lay, e'en from the dead of night,
Until the sun his daily course began,
Reflecting on the candle's wasting light,
And moraliz'd the fate of mortal man.

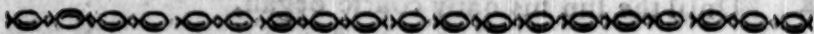
White and unsooty'd was that cotton wick,
When from the chandler first to me it came;
Behold how black! the greasy drops how thick!
Such colour takes it from imparted flame.

Such is the youth, of manners strict and pure,
Till, led by vice, he quits his reason's guide;
By flatt'ry drawn, he stoops to vice's lure,
And from the path of reason wanders wide.

His passions melt, his manly vigour faints,
Nor mourns he ought his former vigour gone,
For foul society his former morals taints,
And mother Herbert marks him for her own.

The fool who sells his freedom for a smile,
Or for a ribband barter peace of mind,
Like wasting wicks just glimmers for a while,
Then dies in smoke, and leaves a stink behind.

The many perils that ambition wait,
 When soaring high, we still the lower fall,
 Are but the snuffers of expiring light,
 And Death's the grand extinguisher of all.



Epitaph found in a Country Church Yard, on a Young Woman.

THY parents have desired me,
 To write an Epitaph on thee.
 Oh ! how shall I thy praise rehearse,
 Whose worth exceeds the power of verse.
 The charms of virtue who can paint ?
 Or pen the glories of a saint ?
 Let those who can such skill impart,
 Tell what thou wert, and what thou art. —

Epigram

Epigram on Miss ----, occasioned by her wearing patches.

NO wonder that Daphne shunn'd Phœbus' embrace;
She was cur'd of her love when she look'd in his
face;

No wonder that men from Lucetta should run
For the spots in her face are like those in the sun.

G. CASWAL.

A S O N N E T,

Occasioned by the present encouragement of Operas.

SINCE Folly's sons usurp'd the throne,
(Where Reason whilom sway'd alone),
And laid the regions waste;
The goddess of sedate mien,
Who grac'd the nobler tragic scene,
Hath left the realms of taste.—

Th' immortal beams of Shakespear's fire
(The bard whom envy must admire)

No longer give delight ;
Condemn'd by fate's severe decree,
His nervous muse in chains to see
In slumb'ring chains of night.

See ! See ! how starts th' admiring eye
Of gaping curiosity,

At struggling Columbine !
How glows the fair at Slingsby's feet !
How inharmoniously sweet
Does fam'd Castrato whine !

Oh ! when, Pierian nymphs, shall time
Destroy the monster Pantomime,

Which haunts the present age ?
And when shall sound to sense submit,
Or when the praise-proud dancers quit,
For nobler guests the stage ?

Yes, yes, the hero lives ('tis true !)

Who shall the hydra train subdue,

And make the muses smile,
Haste Garrick, Nature's darling, haste,
Again let reason guide your taste,
And sense adorn this Isle.—

Islington Dec. 1.

J. N.

On seeing Mr. Lloyd's Opera inscribed to Mr. Colman.

AH! what a death of patrons in this age,
To cherish authors, and protect the stage.
The wits all rivalships of genius smother,
And dedicate their works to one another.

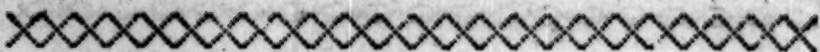
C. CHURCHILL.

*On the 30th of November, being St. Andrew's day and
the Birth-day of the Princess Dowager of Wales.*

1765.

HAIL black November, in whose foggy rear
Rich Autumn lingers e'er he leaves the year,
The late ripe Catherine Peach adorns thy train,
And luscious medlars rot beneath thy reign;
And now while Andrew and Augusta smile,
Charming new suns to cheer our gloomy life,
In the same flowery bed fair union shows,
Beautiously twin'd, a Thistle and a Rose.

FLORUS.



To the PRINCE of ORANGE, 1677.

By EDMUND WALLER of BEACONSFIELD.

WELCOME, great Prince, unto this land,
Skill'd in the arts of war and peace;
Your birth does call you to command,
Your nature does incline to peace.

When Holland, by her foes oppress'd,
No longer could sustain their weight;
T' a native Prince they thought it best
To recommend their dying state.

Your very name did France expell;
Those conquer'd towns which lately cost
So little blood, unto you fell
With the same ease they once were lost.

'Twas not your force did them defeat;
They neither felt your sword nor fire;
But seem'd willing to retreat,
And to your greatness did conspire.

Nor

Nor have you since ingrateful been,
When at Seneff you did expose,
And at Mount Cassal, your own men,
Whereby you might secure your foes.

Let Maestricht siege enlarge your name,
And your retreat at Charleroy ;
Warriors by flying may gain fame,
And, Parthian-like, their foes destroy.

Thus Fabius gain'd repute of old,
When Roman glory gasping lay ;
In council slow, in action cold,
His country sav'd, running away.

What better method could you take ?
When you by Beauty's charms must move,
And must at once a progress make
I' th' stratagems of war and love.

He that a Princess' heart would gain,
Must learn submissively to yield ;
The stubborn ne'er their ends obtain ;
The vanquish'd masters are o'th' field.

Go on, brave Prince, with like success,
Still to encrease your hoped renown ;
Till to your conduct and address,
Not to your birth, you owe a crown.

Proud Alva, with the power of Spain,
 Could not the noble Dutch enslave;
 And wiser Parma strove in vain,
 For to reduce a race so brave.

They now those very armies pay
 By which they were forc'd to yield to you;
 Their ancient birthright they betray,
 By their own votes you them subdue.

Who can then liberty maintain
 When by such arts it is withstood?
 Freedom to Princes is a chain,
 To all that spring from Royal Blood.



To the LUCRETIA *of* WITNEY.

BE'ST thou chaste, or be'st thou fair,
 As the fam'd Lucretia were!
 Who'd an injury present
 To the maid of sweet content!

Tell me, who dare force a kiss,
 Or disturb sweet Alcey's blifs:
 If another Tarquin rose,
 I'm the Brutus to oppose.

Where's

Where's the Satyr that dare frown?
 Let me tear the monster down!
 Sure her virtues may command
 High respect through all the land.
 And when thus a sister's found,
 On the same enchanted ground,
 To defend the maiden's charms,
 Tarquins then can use no harms.
 Such a friend, and such a maid,
 May unharm'd frequent the shade;
 She that is with virtue dight,
 Is in compleat armour bright;
 And if that would not defend
 Angels would from heav'n descend;
 They are always virtue's friend.
 Angels, then, attend my prayer,
 Make the two your tender care!

E. T.

An E P I G R A M.

"NAY, Doll," quoth Roger, "now you're caught,
 "I'll never let you go,
 "'Till you consent to—" "What?" quoth Doll.
 "What? zounds! Doll, don't you know?"

She

She faintly scream'd—yet vow'd she wou'd,
If hurt, cry out aloud ;

“ Ne'er fear,” said he, then seiz'd the Fair ;
She sigh'd—and sigh'd—and vow'd !

“ Didn't I say true ?” quoth Roger, “ hah !”

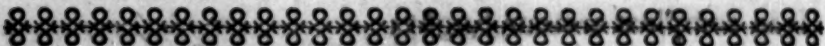
“ Me you need never doubt ;

“ Well ! did I hurt you now ?” Or pray,”

Quoth Doll, “ did I cry out ?”

Hellidon,

MUSARUM AMICUS.



A S O N G.

By H. KELLY.

THO' Chloe possesses a form,
Which the loves have surprisingly dress'd ;
And a face that might easily warm,
All the blood of an anchorite's breast ;
Yet a temper so really bad,
No waste of perfection can hide ;
And the baggage will make a man mad,
With th' excess of her folly and pride.

On

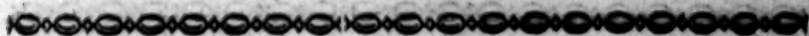
THE MUSE'S MIRROUR.

123

On the strength of her beauty and years,
To judgment she lays a pretence ;
Tho' her mind is a blank that appears
Unimprov'd by a dawning of sense.

Without knowing a letter, she's read ;
Without wit or good humour, she's smart !
And in short has a very weak head,
With a mean and a mischievous heart.

Yet no youth can resist a degree
Of agreeable pain and surprize ;
But let him once know her, like me,
And I warrant he'll quickly despise.



THE POETICAL MORALIST.

By the same.

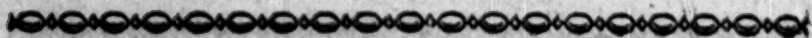
NOW fam'd Martinico has crown'd us with bays,
And bow'd to the lords of the wave ;
The hand that bestow'd, let us gratefully praise,
And acknowledge the bounty which gave.

For

For the blessings thy mercy so frequently pours,
 Be prais'd, O Existence divine !
 For tho' the advantage must always be ours,
 Yet the honour and glory are thine.

Learn hence, O ye states, who have tyrants withstood,
 In a being so gracious to trust ;
 For his favour is always attending the good,
 And his mercy protecting the just.

Whilst restless ambition, which peace would invade,
 And her time in contention employ,
 Is caught in the snare which she artfully laid,
 And subdu'd where she thought to destroy,



A THUNDER STORM.

SAD sick'ning scene ! creation's light
 Behind yon' sable shroud retires ;
 Gives heaven the wrinkled brow of night,
 E'er day with hoary age expires,
 From east to west, in dread array,
 The clouds, commission'd from on high,
 Great Nature's hallow'd soul obey,
 And gloom the concave of the sky.

Forewarn'd

Forewarn'd by instinct's tender care

Her plummy pupils check their strains,

To shelt'ring thickets strait repair,

Depopulating distant plains.

The mutt'ring thunder strikes alarm,

The clouds big signs of sorrow weep;

To reach the neighb'ring friendly farm,

The fear-struck shepherd quits his sheep.

To wake the sinner's sleepy soul,

The vivid flashes ghastly glare;

Long peals of rattling thunder roll,

And shake the tempest-troubled air.

Now rushing cataracts descend,

To calm the elemental fray;

The golden sheaves of harvest bend,

And fruits in rich confusion lay.

The pool expands its narrow space,

With circling surface swiftly swells,

O'erflows its native pebbly vase,

And through the mead with rage impels.

See, see! yon' ivy-mantled oak,

Like some gigantick hero, fall;

Nor waits the woodman's wearied stroke,

But shiv'ring sheaths the flying ball.

And

And hark ! that voice arrests my ears
 Which first proclaim'd th' Almighty will;
 From chaos call'd the sparkling spheres,
 The oracle of Sinai's hill.

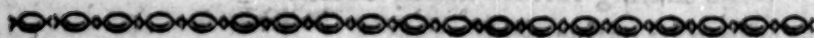
To me it speaks a breathing dust,
 Invites my heart, entomb'd in sin,
 To seek the portion of the just,
 And wreaths of deathless laurels win.

And shall I not the call obey ?
 Shall mornless night my soul confound ?
 O God ! strike terror deep to-day,
 While heaven and mercy's to be found.

So when the death-dethroning peal
 Shall summon nature to her tomb,
 May thou affix Salvation's seal,
 And snatch me from the sinner's doom !

Cambridge.

J. HOPE.



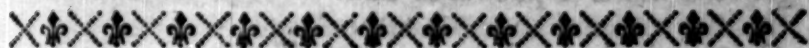
By the late Lord Chesterfield to his Son.

WOULD you engage the lovely fair ?
 With gentlest manners treat her ;
 With tender looks, and graceful air,
 In softest accents greet her.

Verse

Verse were but vain, the muses fail,
Without the graces aid;
The god of verse could not prevail
To stop the flying maid.

Attention by attentions gain,
And merit care by cares;
So shall the nymph reward your pain,
And Venus crown your pray'rs.



*The underwritten Lines are copied from the original Will
of the late Nathaniel Lloyd Esq. who died a few weeks
since at his seat at Twickenham, in Middlesex.*

WHAT I am going to bequeath,
When this frail part submits to death;
But still I hope the spark divine
With its cogenial stars will shine:
My good executors fulfil,
I pray ye, fairly, my last will,
With first and second codicil!

And first, I give to dear Lord Hinton,
At Twyford school now, not at Winton,

One hundred guineas for a ring,
Or some such memorandum thing;
And truly much I should have blunder'd,
Had I not given another hundred
To Vere, Earl Poulet's second son,
Who dearly loves a little fun.

Unto my nephew, Robert Longdon,
Of whom none says he e'er has wrong done;
Tho' civil law he loves to ha'h,
I give two hundred pounds in cash.

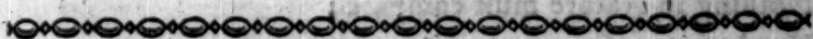
One hundred pounds to my niece, Tudor;
(With loving eyes one Matthew view'd her)
And to her children just among 'em,
A hundred more; and not to wrong 'em,
In equal shares I freely give it,
Not doubting but they will receive it.

To Sally Crouch and Mary Lee,
If they with Lady Poulet be,
Because they round the year did dwell
In Twick'nam-house, and serv'd full well,
When Lord and Lady both did stray
Over the hills and far away;
The first ten pounds, the other twenty;
And, girls, I hope that will content ye.

In seventeen hundred sixty-nine,
This with my hand I write and sign;

The

The sixteenth day of fair October,
 In merry mood, but sound and sober;
 Past my threescore and fifteenth year,
 With spirits gay and conscience clear;
 Joyous and frolicksome, tho' old,
 And, like this day, serene, but cold;
 To foes well wishing, and to friends most kind,
 In perfect charity with all mankind.



The CHARACTERISTICS of a GOOD WIFE.

Who can find a virtuous Woman?

THE nymph I chuse to make me blest,

Must be of every charm possesst;
 Of perfect shape, and perfect feature,
 The prettiest, sweetest, fairest creature
 That e'er existed in all Nature.

Her speech and judgment (always right)

Should draw attention still as night;

Her mind, of deeper penetration

Than all the Newtons in the nation;

Her language, warm'd with nobler fire

Than did Demosthenes inspire;

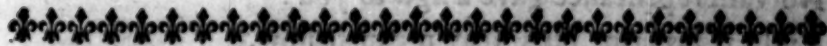
Nor can she e'er complete my choice,
Unless she sings with angel voice—
A voice, that more shall charm my ears
Than all the music of the spheres ;
Her breath, more sweet than all the host
Of spices on Arabia's coast ;
Her sparkling eyes, exceeding far
The brightness of the brightest star.
To the fine ringlets of her hair
Nothing in Nature must compare ;
Her bosom, of a purer white
Than ever blest a mortal's sight ;
A hand that lilies would disgrace,
Exceeded only by her face,
Where Beauty's tints must all combine,
And rose and lily far out-shine ;
Her virtues more than fiction paints
On all the rolls of Popish saints ;
Her motions, form'd of every grace
That e'er adorn'd the virgin race ;
Her exquisite proportions, such
That none can view or praise too much ;
And yet that view untempting be
To every mortal man but me.
Her honour and her fortune clear,
At least ten thousand pounds a year ;

Which

Which sure would more enhance my love
 Than all the beauties sung above.
 Nay, wonder not! since all allow,
 Gold is the *summum bonum* now;
 And all agree, that pomp and wealth
 Are better far than fame or health.
 I'd find a thousand nameless charms
 Inclos'd in her enchanting arms.
 Fair Rosamond, in all her glory,
 So bright, so fair, so fam'd in story;
 Nay, Venus self, should only be
 My fair-one's faint epitome.
 When such I find, I'll fall before her,
 Nor blame me, Gods! if I adore her;
 But frankly own, it is my duty
 To worship so much worth and beauty:
 Of whom possessest, what mortal can
 But own himself a happy man?

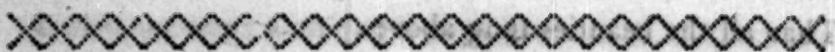
Hellidon, 1774.

MUSARUM AMICUS.



Epitaph intended by Mr. Dryden for his Wife.

HERE lies my wife: here let her lie;
 Now she's at rest, and so am I.



An ELEGY *on* MRS. BOWES, *

By LADY M. W. MONTAGUE.

HAIL happy bride ! for thou art truly blest,
 Three months of pleasure crown'd with endless rest !
 Merit like yours was heav'n's peculiar care ;
 You lov'd—yet tasted happiness sincere :
 The sweets of love to you were only shewn,
 The sure, succeeding, bitter dregs unknown,
 You had not yet the fatal change deplor'd,
 The tender lover for th' imperious lord ;
 Nor felt the pangs that jealous fondness brings,
 Nor wept the coldness from possession springs.
 Above your sex distinguish'd in your fate,
 You trusted, yet experienc'd no deceit.
 Swift were your hours, and wing'd with pleasure flew ;
 No vain repentance gaye a sigh to you :
 And, if superior blifs heav'n can bestow,
 With fellow angels you enjoy it now.

* Mrs. Bowes was the first Wife of Mr. Bowes, Father to the present Lady Strathmore.

*On Lady Mary Montague's Verses upon the death of
Mrs. Bowes.*

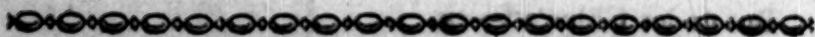
CHLOE her thoughts has so exprest,
Each chosen word so justly put,
And yet how neat soe'er they're drest,
We through the lawn may see the smut.
Such lechery drest up so clean,
And with so chaste a look,
Is hardly to be—or seen
But under Chloe's s—ck.

The Answer to Lady Mary's Verses on Mrs. Bowes.

THO' every one knows
The fate of poor Bowes,
Yet doctors about it do vary;
Some make a sad face,
And pity her case:
'Tis the envy of good Lady Mary.

She says, she don't know
 How heaven can bestow
 Any joy like the death of that bride;
 Whence some people say,
 Could she chuse her own way,
 Before now she had certainly dy'd.

But here lies the mistake,
 If her sense she would speak;
 Her meaning appears but too plain;
 She would always be trying,
 But to Bowes leaves the dying,
 Her choice is to live in the pain.



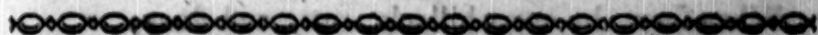
ON GOOD HUMOUR.

By the late LORD LYTTLTON.

TELL me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this
 Which all admire, but few, too few possess?
 A virtue 'tis to antient maids unknown,
 And prudes, who spy all faults except their own:
 Lov'd and defended by the brave and wise,
 Tho' knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.

Say,

Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell
 What is the thing in which you most excel?
 Hard is the question—for in all you please;
 Yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise.
 Secur'd by this your parts no envy move;
 For none can envy him whom all must love.
 This magick pow'r can make e'en folly please:
 This to Pitt's genius add a brighter grace,
 And sweetens ev'ry charm in Cælia's face.



The S T A G E C O A C H.

In imitation of Mr. Bourn's Ufus Quadrigarum.

RESOLVED to visit far a distant friend,
 A porter to the Bull-and-Gate I send,
 And bid the slave, at all events, engage
 Some place or other in the Chester-stage:
 The slave returns—It's done as soon as said,
 Your honour's sure, when once the money's paid.
 My brother whip, impatient of delay,
 Puts to at Three and swears he cannot stay:
 Rous'd from sound sleep, thrice call'd, at length I rise,
 Yawning stretch out my arms, half clos'd my eyes;

By steps and lanthorn, enter the machine,
And take my place, most cordially ! between
Two aged matrons of excessive bulk,
To mend the matter two of meaner folk ;
While, in like mode, jam'd in on t'other side,
A bully-captain and a fair one ride.
Foolish as fair, and in whose lap a boy,
—Our plague eternal, but her only joy.
At last, the glorious number to complete,
Steps in my Landlord for that bodkin seat.

When soon, by every hillock, rutt, and stone;
Into each others face by turns we're thrown :
This gran'am scolds, that coughs, the captain swears,
The fair-one screams and has a thousand fears.
While our plump landlord train'd in other lore,
Slumbers at ease, not yet asham'd to snore.
And master Dickey, in his mother's lap,
Squaling, brings up at once three meals of pap.
Sweet company ; next time I do protest, Sir,
I'll walk to Dublin e'er I ride to Chester.

IGNAVUM PECUS.

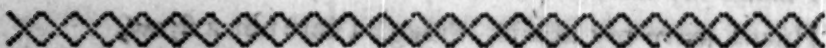
*Copy of a Will found in the house of an old Batchelor
lately deceas'd.*

WITH a mind quite at ease, in the ev'ning of life,
Unencumber'd with children, relations, or wife;
Not in friendship with one single creature alive,
I make my last will, in the year sixty five;
How I leave my affairs, though I care not a straw,
Lest a Grocer should start up my true heir at law;
Or of such in default, which would prove a worse thing,
My lands, unbequeath'd, should revert to the K--g:
I give and bequeath, be it first understood,
I'm a friend, and firm friend to the general good;
And odd as I seem, was remark'd, from my youth,
A stickler at all times for honour and truth:
To Sandwich the peer, for his mirth-making catches,
And for aiding his friends in the warrant dispatches;
For a life of example so great in the end,
Through interest led to betray his old friend;
To Norton, the bully and scourge of the law,
Whose art is to make, then be paid for a flaw;
Who impartially pleads, and with justice decides,
Who takes without scruple a fee from both sides—

I give

I give now, I say, all my pers'nal affairs,
 With my lands in fee-simple to them and their heirs :
 As I mean in this act in a word to set forth
 My real attachment to honour and worth,
 It's true I might give (so may many more still)
 A mite or two more to our patriot Will ;
 But there's brother Pynsent, withall not to mention
 How warm the boy is with his Majesty's pension.

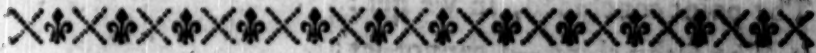
LIBER.



Comparison between FELTON and CURTIUS.

WHEN earth yawn'd wide to swallow antient Rome,
 Curtius leap'd in, and clos'd the threat'ning doom.
 When England mourn'd a tyrant favorite's pride,
 Felton the tyrant favorite smote, and died.
 Great both ! but thus the last we greatest find,
 Who strikes a tyrant strikes for all mankind.
 Besides, the Roman, vain of glory's breath,
 'Midst 'plauding thousands plung'd to instant death ;
 But the bold Briton dar'd, with equal flame,
 A martyr's suff'rings and a martyr's shame.

The



The T I M W H I S K Y,

A Journey to Oxford. To Capt. G. T at Cave, 1765.

By Capt. E. T——n.

THE lord have mercy on us all!
 But good or bad these things will fall
 Between the cup and lip,
 To Oxford we design to steer,
 A Whisky must convey ust here,
 And I the brother whip.

“ A Whisky! Lord forgive you, Ned!

“ And go to night to Maidenhead?

“ Not I upon my life.

“ Think how the folks, my dear, will stare

“ To see us in a one-horse chair :

“ Consider—I’m your wife.

“ But love—my dear—the scheme was yours :

“ Come, come, lets try it a few hours,

“ Me you may always trust:

“ I shoudn’t have thought of that indeed,

“ The shabby thing’s the mark of need,

“ But if I must,—I must!”

The

The point concluded, in we get:

"The filthy thing—I cannot set:

"Lord! when one trusts to you,

"The consequence is always this—

"My stars! I'll not be seen by miss—

"In such a tub for Kew."

Away we go, jehup, jehu!

But madam never looks afrew,

For fear she should be known;

Advent'rous, I, like Phaeton,

Trundle the lovely whisky on

To dusty Hounslow town.

But there, alas! the restiff hack,

Plumps o'er a post, then runs us back,

While madam squalls and cries,

"Give me the reins, I'll drive myself

"Oh, heavens! such a stupid elf;

"I'll teach the brute to rise."

Away we go, with no small fear,

All smook the charming charioteer,

Flogging her crippled mouse;

At last our nag grows callous quite,

Minds not our whips, or kicks, or spite,

But stops—at every house.

Weary at last of patriot pains,
She, Statesman-like, resigns the reins

To my more able hand;

For who wou'd pull against the tide?
Or chaise, or people, drive or ride,

In this d---d dusty land?

With much a-do we March's reach,
Where for a full half hour we preach;

But can't get room, or stall;

For Mr. Pitt, and Lord knows who,
From Court, from Stowe, and Looton Hoo,

Had occupied them all.

"The world's before us, where to chuse

"Our place of rest,"—alas! my Muse,

Thy Pegasus is lead;

Poor Dobbin, ev'ry step he goes,
Flounders upon his knees and nose,

Not quite alive, or dead.

The Hart we reach, and supper get,
Attended by an hoyden Bet,

And serv'd with stinking lamb;

Madam screws up her nose and pouts,
Ned eats, and swears, and growls, and shouts,

"Scrub!"—"Coming Sir."—"A dram!"

Early the following morn we rise,
 And scratch and rub our dusty eyes,
 Remount the Phaeton,
 Whipping, stamping, dry and wet,
 Poison'd with dust, half dead with sweat,
 We crawl to Oxford Town.

The six-foot hostess at the Bear
 Toss'd up her nose and head in air—

“ Supper at such an hour !

“ My stars and garters, who wou'd be,

“ To have such guests, a landlady,

“ That had it in their power ?”

At Nettlebed, at the Red Lyon,
 There is a house you may rely on

Where we'd good meat and wine;

But here, alas ! like College fools,

We must submit to college rules,

And pack to bed at nine.

Oxford, for learning very dear,

But still a town of wretched cheer,

A town to those scarce civil

Who're muster'd on the college rolls——

A Town, with Christ Church, and All Souls,

But not without the devil.

Say shall the muse advent'rous rise
To those high spires which mate the skies,

With her Dædalian wing ?

There, like Asmodeus, shall she sit,

And mark what's bad and what is fit,

To whisper, write, and sing ?—

---Yes, at some more convenient time;

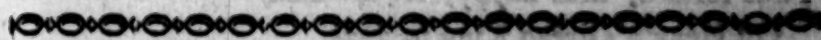
But now we're bankrupt in our rhyme;

Therefore must humbly crave,

That you our compliments will bear,

With all that ease you're known to share,

To every friend at Cave.



H Y M N.

T O P R O S P E R I T Y.

By Miss SALLY CARTER.

CELESTIAL maid ! receive this pray'r,

If e'er thy beam divine

Should gild the brow of toiling care,

And bless a hut like mine.

Let

Let humble worth, without a fear,
 Approach my ready door,
 Nor let me ever see a tear,
 Regardless, from the poor!

O bless me with an honest mind,
 Above all selfish ends,
 Humanely warm to all mankind,
 And cordial to my friends.

With conscious truth and honour still
 My actions let me guide,
 And give no fear, but that of ill,
 No scorn, but that of pride.

Thus form'd, thus happy, let me dare
 On Heav'n's dread King to gaze,
 Conclude my night in ardent pray'r,
 And wake my morn with praise.

That hence my soul may hope to prove
 The utmost saints can know;
 And share his gracious smile above,
 Whose laws she kept below.

TUNBRIDGE VERSES.

To Miss Frederick singing and playing on the Harpsichord.

By MR. CHARLES FOX.

WHEN Orpheus touch'd the trembling string,
He tam'd, as antient poets sing,

The Lybian lyon's rage ;
He could the forest from the hill
Move downwards, bending to his will ;
And the loud storm assuage,

The list'ning Dolphin willing bore
Arion to the friendly shore,

Charm'd with his lenient song :
And while he softly sung and play'd,
The sweet musician safe convey'd
The threat'ning waves along.

But, Frederick, when thou strik'st the cord,
Phœbus himself, in just reward

For merit such as thine,
Attunes thy voice, directs thy lyre,
And bids each sister muse admire,
Lest she with envy pine.—

MORNING TWILIGHT.

Written at that Season.

A LONG the turfy heath, cool blows the gale,
 And dewy odours scent the morning air;
 No sound I hear, save from the willow'd vale
 The tinkle of a brook—that murmurs there!

In lonely silence wrapt, yon little mill
 Looks pensive, as the moulder'd pile below;
 Shades hide the forest, and the misty hill

Still keeps retiring night upon its brow!
 O'er the chill earth, all comfortless! I tread!

The eye of Nature beams in other skies:
 I'll seek yon bending mountain's lofty head,
 And peep upon his beauties ere he rise!

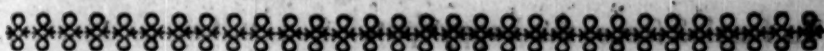
Forbear!--expiring stars proclaim him nigh,
 Faintly they wink, and lose their silver light;
 The streaky orient wears a deepen'd dye;
 Green looks the upland and the river bright!

O'er

O'er the brown wood he sheds a trembling ray,
 And with his tresses wipes the tearful thorn;
 Shrill soars the lark, to greet the early day,
 And herald to the world return of morn!

Aug. 22, 1776.

W. P.



The PARTING: Le PARTENZA.

From METASTASIO.

A DIEU, my fair!---this hapless day
 Tears me from all my joys away.

Remov'd from love and thee,
 Who knows---O cause of all my pain,
 If thou wilt hear me once complain,
 Or lose one thought on me.

Yet, to regain my lost repose,
 My pensive mind shall sooth its woes,
 For ever fix'd on thee;
 On thee shall every thought attend,
 But wilt thou ever condescend
 To fix one thought on me?

L 2

On

On distant shores my mournful groans
Shall ask the melancholy stones,

Where can my charmer be ?
From morn to eve my search shall last,
But who can tell if thou wilt cast
One single thought on me ?

In fancied scenes the happy spot,
Where thou and bliss were once my lot,
My cheated mind shall see ;
A thousand thoughts shall wake my pain,
But who can tell if thou wilt deign
To fix one thought on me ?

“ There shall I say, in yonder grove,
“ To all my tender tales of love
“ Disdainfull would she be ;
“ Yet soon her gentle hand I prest,
“ Again I hop’d,---but can her breast
“ Retain one thought on me ?”

Where’er thou goest, in every land,
What num’rous slaves to thy command
Thy conquering eyes shall see,
Ye gods, who know, if fair and young,
Thy heart, mid’st such a flatt’ring throng,
Will keep one thought for me ?

Yet

Yet think thy lover's only aim
 Was a pure, generous, mutual flame,
 Ah! what his pains must be:
 Think what he feels at this farewell,
 Think, dearest maid,---ah! who can tell,
 If e'er thoult think on me?



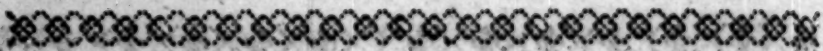
S O N N E T.

To Mr. WARTON, on his POEMS.

OFT had I heard, as if in fairy dream,
 Thy melody's romantick murmurs glide
 Down lonely Cherwell's flow'ry-fringed tide;
 What time the western sun's bright quiv'ring beam,
 Tissu'd with radiant gold her dimply stream,
 Or the penn'd flocks had left the grey hill's side.
 Then, as each mellow trill at distance dy'd,
 In haste, sweet bard, full simply did I deem,

Such visionary shapes had swept the wire,
 That in the purple mists of ev'ning play,
 Near haunted vale, and join in airy quire,
 Chanting soft requiems to the parting day.---

O! then---once more awake thy golden lyre,
 And charm wild Echo with thy magic lay!



R H A P S O D Y to T A S T E,

On seeing the Dutchess of Devonshire in full Dress.

By Lord C—

C O M E, thou goddess fair and free,
 Whom the meek nymph, Simplicity,
 To the son of Maia bore,
 And nurs'd upon th' Athenian shore,
 Then to thy fire her charge resign'd,
 Who to such elegance of mind
 Added, whatever polish'd ease
 Could give, and all the arts to please:
 Whether on Reynolds (beauty's friend)
 Thou biddest every grace attend;

Or

Or smiling dost in sportive song
 Hail the great guest of Kien-Long : *
 Hither, various goddess, haste,
 Boundless, inimitable taste,
 And save those charms from fashion's tawdry reign,
 Which Nature gave to Dev'n, and gave in vain---
 From her cumbrous forehead tear
 The architecture of her hair,
 But leave one snow-white plume, to shew
 It faintly mocks the neck below---
 Snatch from her lips th' immodest guile
 Of affectation's constant smile,
 And on her cheek replace the rose,
 Which, pale and wan, no longer glows
 With all that beauty, youth, and love,
 Could copy from some saint above---
 Would she promise real bliss,
 Bid her seem but what she is :
 Or, if lovelier still she'd be,
 From Granby learn to worship thee,

Lincoln's-Inn New-square.

* Sir William Chambers.

The following address to the Public was spoken by Mrs. Barry the first time she appeared on the Stage after the death of her Husband, and before the Tragedy of Douglas.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

WITH every hope a vessel sails away,
Soft swells the breeze, and cloudless breaks the day;
Till rising winds the raging deep deform,
And the bark shatter'd sinks beneath the storm!
Such is my fate---fair gales my canvass spread,
Till the charg'd tempest burst upon my head;
Of the lov'd pilot of my life bereft,
Save your protection, not a hope is left:
Without that peace your kindness can impart,
Nothing can calm this sorrow-beaten heart.

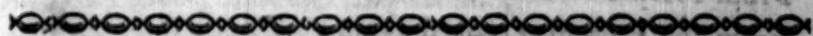
When bounty on the feeling mind first flow'd,
Then sprung the bosom's fairest flower, and blow'd;
Angels with rapture the blest produce view'd,
For from Benevolence rose Gratitude.

Urg'd by my duty I have ventur'd here---
But how for Douglas can I shed a tear?
When real griefs the burden'd bosom press,
Can it raise sighs feign'd sorrows to express?

In

In vain will Art from Nature help implore,
When Nature for herself exhausts her store.

The tree cut down to which she clung and grew,
Behold the prople's Woodbine bends to you;
Your fost'ring pow'r will spread protection round,
And, though she droops, may raise her from the ground.



The following Poem was taken from an old Manuscript dated 1649.

On seeing a large number of Crows flying about the highest part of the great Tower of York Minster.

WHAT swarms of Crows, in black array,
Around yon' tower's high summit play,

In various antick maze!

Whilst Lord-like one, perch'd on the cock,

The croaking, busy, vulgar flock

With dignity surveys!

'Tis transmigration all;---for those

High-flying, croaking, chaunting crows,

Were black-gowns once I trow;

And he that on the throne seems plac'd,

With diocesan honours grac'd,

Govern'd the swarms below.

Their

Their human passions they retain,
 Greedy, carnivorous, and vain,
 Still rooking from each other ;
 For tho' as black-gowns they combin'd
 To fleece and rook from all mankind,
 They rook'd each from his brother :

From Priest Precentor ;---whilst the Dean

From the Precentor rook'd again ;

Nor Dean we safe might call ;

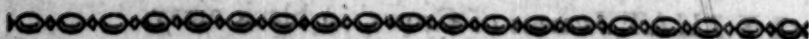
For, as Lord Paramount, his Grace,

Premier Cock-Rooker of the place,

Might safely rook from all !

York.

Poco,



T O A S T S.

To Mrs. L A C Y.

HERE, Vulcan ! husband to the Queen of Love,
 Now on the goblets thou hast made improve ;
 Make one superior to old Nestor's bowl,
 That we may drink her health from pole to pole ;

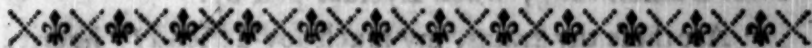
For

For one, confess'd the fairest of the fair,
 Demands our love, our praises, and our care.
 Describe, old Vulcan, on the swelling side,
 Fam'd Zeuxis painting high Crotona's * pride;
 The artists pencil, and the virgin throng,
 And Bacchants reeling to the tipsy song.
 But let one beauty by herself be seen,
 As Dian sober, modest, and serene;
 And let her be more beauteous than the three
 Whom Paris view'd at Ida's Coterie; †
 Fairer than her, whose most bewitching charms
 Burnt Troy to ashes, and rais'd Greece to arms,
 The court of Jove such beauties cannot boast;
 Such Helen was, and such the dame we toast!

E. T.

* Five Virgins of Crotona sat to Zeuxis for his Helen.

† The judgment of Paris, when Venus, Juno, and Minerva, contended in beauty on the top of Mount Ida.



The CENSURE of the WORLD.

An ELEGY.

YES! sure 'tis here that pride, that folly reigns:

I'll bid the low, censorious world farewell,

And bend my course to yonder verdant plains,

Where peace, where innocence, where candour dwell.

Ye

Ye heav'n-born three! your vot'ry there shall raise
 A green-turf altar to each honour'd name;
 In artless strains there celebrate your praise,
 And lose, perchance, th' applause he cannot claim.

Ye chearful songsters that awake the morn,
 And sooth my soul with wild mellifluous airs;
 Ye aged oaks, that yonder hills adorn,
 Beneath your shades will I forget my cares.

Far hence shall masqu'd hypocrisy remove,
 The blush of conscious guilt be never known;
 Nor superstition dare pollute the grove,
 But virtue come a resident alone.

Let luxury despise my homely lot,
 And vanity contemplate gilded dooms;
 Content transforms to palaces a cot,
 And virtue brings true greatness where she comes.

Thus Damon sung, when Lycidas past by.

“Are these thy strains, my much-lov'd friend?” he cried.

“What scenes hath fancy pictur'd to thine eye?”

“To fairy dreams—Elysian groves allied!”

“True—small regard is paid to worth sublime,

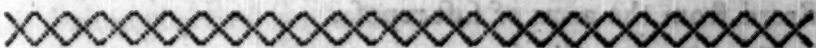
“And modest merit walks unheeded by:

“But shall we live in this unfriendly clime,

“And wonder at a cold and low'ring sky?”

“Yet

- " Yet let not mean, inglorious ease, my friend,
 " Tempt thee the social duties to forego;
 " The calls of mild benevolence attend,
 " Direct the blind, and cheer the souls of woe.
 " Shall venom'd slander damp that sacred fire
 " Which warms the breast inviolately pure?
 " No!—brighter bid the heav'nly flame aspire—
 " 'Tis noble to be good, and to endure!"



The CONTRAST, a VISION.

Addressed to Lord ST--NL--Y.

YE peers, ye pimps, by passion tost,
 In folly's boundless ocean lost,
 To reason's dictates blind;
 Whom vice with powerful hand conveys
 Thro' the dark paths of error's maze,
 Great sovereign of the mind!

For

For once the moral tale befriend,
The tale experience dares commend,

With sage instruction fraught:

For you I write, for you I live,
To you the wholesome precepts give,
And labour of my thought.

'Twas night; and Riot sought her bed,
With heavy eyes and aching head,

The charms of sleep to share:

When lo! at fancy's call I rose,
Freed from the arms of soft repose,
To taste the gall of care:

Swift as the winged winter's wind,
I fled (nor left a thought behind)

Where fancy smooth'd the way;
Her hand a milk-white rod sustain'd,
By which her power she maintain'd,
And made the world obey.

Three times she wav'd her potent rod;
I saw the subject atoms nod,

Obedient to her will:

When lo! the form of Bosworth-field,
Amaz'd I instantly beheld,
Drawn by her magick skill.

In hostile state the armies stood,
The blushing meadows smok'd with blood,

O may they smoke no more !
Repuls'd, repulsing, each in turn,
I saw grim war vindictive burn,
And peace escape the shore.

High o'er the rest in valour great
Stood one (his sword impell'd by fate,)

The eldest born of fame :
A hardy vet'ran form he bore,
As Britons boasted heretofore,
And *Stanley* was his name.

Where'er he mov'd with daring stride,
Grim death hard labour'd at his side,

Whilst fortune bore his shield ;
E'en freedom shed a languid smile,
Whilst palid envy, choak'd with bile,
Despairing fled the field.

Pleas'd I beheld the patriot's zeal
Espouse his drooping country's weal,

And gain the world's applause ;
I saw fair liberty restor'd,
Saw usurpation drop her sword,
And he the mighty cause.

“ Goddess,

“ Goddess, enough, enough !” I said,
 And straight the airy vision fled,
 Nor left a wreck behind :
 When lo ! a garden I descried,
 In all the charms of modern pride,
 By frolick taste design’d.

High on a throne of state supreme,
 Where gentle folly loves to dream,
 Sat fashion, powerful dame !
 In costly filks of various dyes,
 She caught her senseless vot’ries eyes
 With fascinating aim.

Smit with the magick of her song,
 Beneath her standard millions throng,
 And own their sov’reign’s pow’r :
 The young, the old, the wit, the fool,
 Take their degrees in fashion’s school,
 The pupils of an hour.

Awhile methought I view’d the dame,
 When lo ! another ST---NL---Y came,
 To charm my roving brain :
 A thing he was by art refin’d,
 He scarce would battle with the wind,
 Or face a storm of rain.

Mild as the summer's purest breeze,
That scarcely shakes the tallest trees,

The gentle Lordling was :

Ah ! how unlike his hardy fire,
When, big with freedom's sacred fire,
He labour'd in her cause !

But see, again, with honest rage,
He comes—the hero of his age,

In pride of manhood drest !

Awhile contemptuous he surveys

The foppery of modern days,

Then smites his manly breast.

“ Degenerate boy ! ” the hero cry'd,

“ Thou fatal period to my pride,

“ Of noble blood the stain !

“ What are the glories thou hast wrought,

“ Where are the laurels thou hast bought,

“ Thy country's love to gain ?

“ With patriot ardour bravely fir'd,

“ What trophies hath thy arm acquir'd,

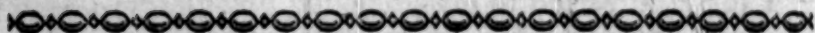
“ The boast of future times ?

“ Has virtue own'd thy soft'ring hand ?

“ Or vice, appall'd at thy command,

“ Fled to remoter climes ?

" O senseless boy, estrang'd and blind
 " To all that's noble and refin'd,
 " To folly's steps ally'd !
 " If not too late—O yet arise,
 " 'Gainst fashion's magick guard thy eyes,
 " With reason for thy guide !
 " So may'st thou yet regain the fame
 " That erst adorn'd a *Stanley's* name,
 " To that my wishes tend :
 " Ages unborn shall sing thy praise,
 " And hand thee down to latest days,
 " As patriot, father, friend."



An Epistle from a Midshipman in the Navy to his Mess-mate, on the Admiralty order for the alteration of the Captains Uniform.

SO, you see by the papers, at last, my boy Ned,
 That this mountain of mountains is now brought to
 bed !
 The labour was hard, though the birth it was small ;
 'Tis a button produc'd through a wee button-hole.

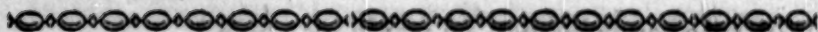
Dan

Dan Sandwich, that sensible, smiling old wag,
 Of our captain's disputes and resolves he would brag;
 And calmly would say, as he cut off his mutton,
 "They're not to be fear'd who can't settle a button."
 However, for once he hath thrown out a fable;
 For the button's come forth with an anchor and cable:
 And this proves the captains all lubbers, my cock,
 Two turns of the cable they've got round the stock;
 But they, cunning wags! to get clear of the thing,
 Most kindly gave out, it was made by the ———.
 Now, 'tis cruel to say it, supposing it true;
 For what could he learn by the naval review?
 His mind was with every rarity struck—
 What surprize he declar'd at the boy on the truck!
 And when that the boy wav'd his hat like a vane,
 With true condescension he wav'd his again!
 And therefore I say, that the sailors are wrong
 To make a good monarch the tune of their song.
 But this coat is the thing that perplexes us all,
 And the uniform, now, by whose name must we call?
 For you know in the cause, too, that many a sailor
 Stood forth, from the list, to assist as the taylor.
 But who is the father I cannot find out;
 The midwife is Stevens, who hands it about.
 It is none of your Hawkes, your Saunders, or Kepples;
 They know nothing of collars, cuffs, buttons, or lappels;

164 THE MUSE'S MIRROR.

They are sailors, not taylors ; they'll stick by their mess ;
 If they can't rigg a captain—a Frenchman they'll dress.
 Some delicate Mizen hath trim'd up our blue,
 For we're all macaronies from earing to clue.
 Twelve holes are allowed to ev'ry commander ;
 No more to creep out at had great Alexander.
 These holes are distinguish'd by two's and by threes,
 That the ranks may be known on the shores and the seas.
 They have now full allowance, I think, my good cozen !
 Thirteen they have got—a complete baker's dozen :
 And holes he hath plenty, in times known so frail,
 Who hath twelve in his coat—besides one in his—

WILL WINDLACE.



The GARRULOUS MAN,
 A PARODY upon L'ALLEGRO of MILTON,
Addressed to Mr. and Mrs. MILLER.
By Mr. SCHOMBERG Jun.

HENCE sheepish diffidence,
 Whom Chloe meek to simple Strephon bore
 On Albion's western shore
 In dull November, nurse of vapours dense,

Find

Find out some secret cell

Where squint suspicion spreads its jealous wings,
And strict Duenna sings.

There safe with starch'd old-maids and double locks
As stiff as in the stocks,
With tawdry aunts and buckram tabbies dwell !

But come thou goddess pert and free,
By vulgars call'd, GARRULITY,
And by belle and macaroni
Heart-easing conversazione,
Thee, on fair Italia's shore
In Arno's vale Tatlanti bore :
Or rather did some Gallic swain
Upon the lively banks of Seine,
One summer's eve in gaudy dress
A gay coquet with warm embrace
Fill with thee a daughter fair
Buxom, blithe and debonair.
Before twelve golden suns could run
Their course round heaven's star-spangled zone,
Thou from thy careful mother's side
Didst roam through distant countries wide ;
Till wand'ring near the mountains hoar
That rise on Greenland's icy shore,
Thy voice was heard awhile to chee
The rigour of the stormy year ;

When the gaunt giant of the north
Pour'd his frozen legions forth.
The twilight air was hush'd ! grim frost
“ With glistering icicles imboft,”
Chill'd every breeze, and every sound
In adamantyne fetters bound,
And sunk thy tender form below
The light down of the driven snow.
At length (as antient poets sing)
The frolick wind that breathes the spring
Zephyr with young April playing
Near th' antarctic circle straying,
With lenient breath and presence fair
Dispell'd the dim mists of the air,
And with a gentle, genial smile,
Calm'd the bleak horrors of the isle.
'Twas then from icy fetters free
Nature was all Garrulity ;
Above, about, or underneath,
In forest brown or barren heath,
Notes of joy and notes of woe
In wild confusion seem'd to flow,
From sheety lakes and spiral flames
Came sounds that syllabel'd men's names,
And every pine and mountain oak
'Tis said, articulately spoke.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Smart Bon-Mots and Jeux d'Esprit,

Travell'd

Travell'd fops and men of stile,
 Broad grimace and wreathed smile,
 Such as hangs on ——'s cheek,
 And lives in ——'s dimple sleek,
 Ton, that wrinkled age derides,
 And ladies screwing up their sides :
 Come, and trip it as you go
 On the loosely slipper'd toe,
 And in thy right-hand lead with thee
 The nymph Familiarity.
 And O ! sweet maid of sovereign sway
 Admit me of thy bal parè,
 To laugh and chat with her and thee
 In unreprieved pleasures free :
 Or converse hold with lady bright,
 Whose tongue may startle her dull knight,
 And turn a deaf ear when he cries,
 " My dear, the dappled dawn doth rise."
 But come, adieu ! " In spite of sorrow
 " You know we're all to meet to-morrow."
 Then hand in hand to the coach door
 I proudly strut the nymph before,
 And some pretty story tell
 'Till she bids the last farewell.
 Now to the Pump-room let us haste,
 That noble sentry-box of taste,
 Where five fiddles and a horn
 Rouse the neighbours every morn.

There

There, while some slender-waisted lass
Drinks the salutary glass,
Let me please her, standing nigh,
With garrulous civility,
Talk of pictures, cards, or walking,
All but for the sake of talking;
Certain ladies painted faces,
Certain artificial graces,
Concerts, plays, and pauper-schemes,
Feathers, strange mysterious dreams,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus morn oft' see me in thy gay career.
Sometimes walking close between
Two ladies fair through Abbey-green,
Triet and frount as they were wont
At their country seat to hunt.
We reach the charming South Parade
For health and conversation made,
There trip before my charmed sight
Footmen in thousand liveries dight,
While the chairman near at hand
Whistles ready at his stand,
And the busy housemaids squall,
And the colliers horses sprawl,
And every party drinks its fill
Under the roof with Master Gill.
Sometimes on a Monday night
The upper rooms my steps invite,

Whilst

Whilst the gigling Belles dance round,
And the jocund fiddles sound
To many a wife and many a maid
Dancing in a chequer'd shade,
While young and old in merry glee
Laugh and prattle o'er their tea.
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleasures
While the Ball-room round it measures.
Hoods of lawn and ringlets grey
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Virgins on whose downy breasts
The diamond crosses or picture rests,
Parsons trim with waistcoats pied,
Shallow fops and buckles wide,
Little macaroni groups,
Bosom'd high in ladies hoops,
While gorgeous folks of quality
In glittering palls come sweeping by,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
On Thursday mornings judge the prize
Of wit and verse, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
Then to the well-fill'd stage repair,
If *****'s high feather'd head be there,
Or sweetest O——, beauty's child,
Prattle her native chit chat wild;
But if a rural life delight,
In other joys we'll pass the night.

Circling

Circling round the blazing hearth
We'll join in sweet domestic mirth,
While coy reserve and caution meek,
And modesty with blushing cheek,
And mauvaise honte with downcast eye
From our thrice happy cottage fly.
Then let the live long night be spent
In quips, and cranks, and merriment,
With stories told of Robinhood,
The little Children in the Wood ;
How they by cruel uncle's hate
Were driven from their father's gate,
How little Red-breasts brought them food,
Wild herbs, and fruit, and berries crude,
And o'er their graves when they were dead
The scatter'd leaves of Autumn spread.
There oft', 'tis said, at Curfew sound
The fairies mark the hallow'd ground,
And o'er their rustic tomb at night
The Glow-worm sheds his amber light.
Or talk of him who left i'th' middle
The story of the Bear and Fiddle,
Of Sydrophele and Hudibras,
Of Arthur's board and magic glass ;
Of that fam'd horse who nobly died
On which great Turpin erst did ride.
This done away to bed we creep
And laugh and chatter in our sleep.

And

*Written by Capt. THOMPSON, and set to Musick by
Mr. HOOKE.*

The Nymph of the Hill, &c.

I know

I know Cupid steals from her eyes all his darts,
When he means the sad lover to kill :
Though he's God of the bow—she's the sweet Queen of
hearts,
And the delicate Nymph of the Hill, &c.

The task I resign—she's so peerless and fair,
She's the top of perfection and skill ;
No goddesses e'er mov'd with so graceful an air
As my sweet pretty Nymph of the Hill, &c.

I'm sure she's descended of heav'nly stock,
For no mortal such sense could instill,
The three pretty Graces her cradle did rock,
For 'twas Love nurs'd the Nymph of the Hill, &c.

I call on no god—I address her good sense,
But she cannot my wishes fulfill :
O tell me what fortune would grudge an expence
To delight the sweet Nymph of the Hill, &c.

On



ON PROVIDENCE.

From the Italian of FILICATA.

“ Qual Madre i figlii,” &c.

TRANSLATION.

AS, with affection fond, a mother views
Her infant race, and melts with conscious joy,
On the girl's cheek she oft the kiss renews,
Or to her bosom strains the beauteous boy :

Some climb, with eager love, her envy'd knees,
Some at her feet in childish frolic play ;
Their secret wish the raptur'd mother sees,
From the sweet smiles, the gestures they display :
And as she marks each varied face, bestows
A tender look on these, and gentle speech on those.

Yet, if displeasure's frown her brow shou'd wear,
She's still the mother, and her child befriends ;
So *Providence* all-wise, with parent care,
Provides for some, to others comfort lends ;

To

To all who ask, the lib'ral aid supplies,
 To ev'ry suppliant lends a willing ear;
 And if sometimes her kindness she denies,
 'Tis only to extort the grateful pray'r:
 Nay, by denying oft our ill-tim'd wants,
 Refusal is consent, and all our wish she grants.

S.

The DELICATE COMPLIANCE.

By H. KELLY.

AS Delia sat near Belmont's chair,
 Her hand he fondly prest;
 And smiling saw the matchless fair
 Reclin'd upon his breast.

A tender wish began to rise,
 Inspir'd by love alone;
 As Delia's more than magick eyes
 Were center'd on his own.

"My life," cry'd Belmont, in a voice,
 Which she was us'd to hear,
 "You must indulge a husband's choice,
 "So come this way, my dear."

A crim-

A crimson spread o'er Delia's face,
 That might the East adorn;
 And paint with more celestial grace
 The rosy cheek of morn.

The burning youth she fondly kiss'd,
 Exhaling balmy dews;
 And begg'd he would not then insist,
 On what she must refuse.

'Twas twelve—the bliss he then delay'd,
 When Delia's thoughts he read;
 But rang the bell to call her maid,
 And slipt himself to bed.



ODE to HUMANITY.

By the same.

IN heav'n, bright maid, that bliss receive,
 Which goodness only knows;
 Who bid the honest bosom grieve,
 That heard another's woes.

Thy

Thy soothing voice the wretch can cheer,
Whom anguish taught to sigh ;
And speak away the rising tear,
From pale affliction's eye.

Where'er, in kind complacence drest,
Thy sacred beam shall shine ;
It lifts, expands, exalts the breast,
And swells it to divine.

For ever clad in native charms,
Thy smile benignant lives ;
In friendship with delight it warms,
In anger it forgives.

Like Heav'n's high goodness unconfin'd,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
And copies still th' eternal mind,
To bless the human soul.

Thy stream, and mercy's, child of love !
From one great current flow ;
For all that mercy is above,
Thou, goddess, art below.

The SILENT CONVERSATION.

By the same.

THE cloth remov'd, 'twas ten at night,
When Belmont, half undress'd,
Seiz'd Delia's hand with true delight,
And clasp'd it to his breast.

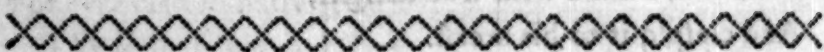
With secret joy the youth survey'd
The partner of his bliss;
And Delia just a motion made,
That seem'd to beg a kiss.

Her arm thrown round his happy neck,
In equal fondness vy'd;
And scorn'd the softer thought to check
She scarcely wish'd to hide.

Belmont essay'd to speak in vain,
His voice was lost in sighs;
And all that Delia cou'd explain,
Was mention'd in her eyes.

A look declar'd the dear distress
 Congenial bosoms meet,
 Which sink beneath a soft excess,
 So passionately sweet.

But love, as all the poets preach,
 Who still brings things about ;
 At last bestow'd the use of speech,
 And put—the candles out.



S A L L Y H A Y E S.

By the same.

THOUGH other bards, whom genius warms,
 May use the poet's trade,
 And die in rhymes for faultless forms
 Which fancy only made ;
 Let me, unblest with native fire,
 A living subject praise ;
 Who never struck the warbling lyre ;
 And sing of *Sally Hayes*.

Refistless maid ! whose lovely face
 In every charm is dress'd ;
 Whose mind possesses every grace
 That fills the human breast.

The

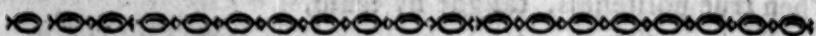
The magic glance of such an eye
Can nameless wishes raise,
And bid the coldest bosom sigh
For charming *Sally Hayes*.

Then true politeness, taught by sense,
Gives unaffected ease,
Secures the fear that dreads offence,
And only hopes to please :
No look assum'd, or haughty air,
A conscious worth betrays,
Or speaks the self-sufficient fair
In charming *Sally Hayes*.

To her distress may safely go
To find a tender ear ;
And sorrow never told a woe
That did not meet a tear.
The humane drop will kindly grieve
Which real goodness pays,
And wish for causes to relieve,
In charming *Sally Hayes*.

High Heav'n, approving, sees the fair
A mind like this possesses ;
And makes the maid its choicest care
Who only lives to bless.

O that to shield her still from harms,
 And crown my future days,
 I might indulge these doating arms
 With charming *Sally Hayes*.



The ROSE and the BUTTERFLY.

A FABLE, imitated from La Motte.

By Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

AT day's early dawn, a gay Butterfly spy'd
 A budding young Rose, and he wish'd her his bride:
 She blush'd when she heard him his passion declare,
 And tenderly told—he need not despair.

Their vows they soon plighted. As lovers still do,
 He swore to be constant, she vow'd to be true.

It had not been prudent to deal with delay,
 The bloom of the Rose passes quickly away,
 And the pride of a Butterfly dies in a day. }

When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies;
 From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies;
 Nor did he visit his bride, till the sun
 Had less than one-fourth of his journey to run.

The

The Rose thus reproach'd him,—“ Already so cold ?
 “ How feign'd— Oh you false one !—that passion you told !
 “ 'Tis an age since you left me ;” (she meant a few hours,
 But such we'll suppose the fond language of flowers)
 “ I saw when you gave the base Vi'let a kiss :
 “ How could you descend to such meanness as this ?
 “ Shall a low little wretch, whom we Roses despise,
 “ Find favour,—oh, love !—in my Butterfly's eyes ?
 “ On a Tulip, quite tawdry, I mark'd your foul rape,
 “ Nor yet could the pitiful Primrose escape ;
 “ Dull Daffodils too, were with passion address'd,
 “ And Poppies, ill-scented, you fondly caress'd.”

The coxcomb was piqu'd, and reply'd with a sneer,
 “ That you're first to complain, I commend you, my dear ;
 “ But know, from your conduct, my maxims I drew,
 “ And if I'm inconstant, I copy from you :
 “ I saw the boy Zephyrus rifle your charms ;
 “ I saw how you simper'd, and smil'd in his arms ;
 “ The Honey-bee kiss'd you, you must not disown,
 “ You favour'd likewise—Oh, dishonour !—a Drone :
 “ What's worse——'tis a fault that you cannot deny,
 “ Your sweets were made common, false Rose ! to a Fly.

The MORAL.

This law, long ago, did love's providence make,
 That every coquet should be curs'd with a rake.



LOVE prov'd LUNACY.

YE gods, what a passion is love !
 Discertion and prudence it rules ;
 All obstacles it can remove——

And wise men it makes very fools.

Our ladies it turns upside-down,
 Their minds and their legs it bewitches ;
 It brings them flap-dash on the town,
 And leads them o'er hedges and ditches.

But what still is worse than the rest,
 There's no knowing the end of its scope ;
 To the miss in her teens 'tis a pest,
 And makes ladies at forty elope.

The parlour, the garret, the kitchen,
 In all, it has sovereign sway ;
 To the maids, 'tis a comical twitching,
 And eternally leads 'em astray.

'Tis

'Tis a phrensy bewilders the head,

'Tis the Will of the Whisp of the tail:

It plagues us both up and in bed,

And oft lays us fast in a jail.

Some show it in furor and gigg,

Some pout, and recline on the arm;

Some riggle and twist like a grigg,

And some melt away with the charm.

In maidens, it may be allow'd,

In wives 'tis the road to all evil;

When to God at the altar they vow'd—

Then to swerve is to go to the devil.

But still 'tis a passion so strong,

No herb or advice can remove it,

The ladies, tho' all in the wrong,

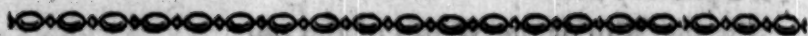
Will sacrifice life---but they'll prove it.

Opposing, but gives it new vigour,

Enjoyment destroys all its power;

'Tis superior to every rigour,

'Tis mortality's lunatic hour.



LIBERTY: La LIBERTA.

Newly translated from METASTASIO.

THANKS, Nice, for thy treacherous arts,
At length I breathe again,

The pitying gods have ta'en my part,

And eas'd a wretch's pain.

I feel, I feel, that from its chain,

My rescu'd soul is free,

Nor is it now I idly dream

Of fancied Liberty.

Extinguish'd is my ancient flame,

All calm my thoughts remain;

And artful love in vain shall strive,

To lurk beneath disdain;

No longer, when thy name I hear,

My conscious colour flies,

No longer, when thy face I see,

My heart's emotions rise.

I sleep

I sleep, yet not in every dream
 Thy image pictur'd see,
 I wake, nor does my alter'd mind,
 Fix its first thought on thee.
 From thee far distant, when I roam,
 No fond concern I know;
 With thee I stay, nor yet from thence
 Does pain or pleasure flow.

Oft of my Nice's charms I speak,
 Nor thrills my stedfast heart;
 Oft I review the wrongs I bore,
 Yet feel no inward smart.
 No quick alarms confound my sense
 When Nice near I see,
 E'en with my rival I can smile,
 And calmly talk of thee.

Speak to me with a placid mien,
 Or treat me with disdain;
 Vain is to me the look severe,
 The gentle smile as vain;
 Lost is the empire o'er my soul,
 Which once those lips possess;
 Those eyes no longer can divine
 Each secret of my breast.

What pleases now, or grieves my mind,
What makes me sad or gay,
It is not in thy power to give,
Nor canst thou take away.
Each pleasant spot without thee charms,
The wood, the mead, the hill,
And scenes of dullness, e'en with thee;
Are scenes of dullness still.

Judge, if I speak, with tongue sincere,
Thou still art wondrous fair;
Great are the beauties of thy form,
But not beyond compare.
And let not truth offend thy ear,
My eyes at length incline
To spy some faults in that lov'd face
Which once appear'd divine.

When from its secret, deep recess,
I tore the painful dart;
(My shamefull weakness I confess)
It seem'd to split my heart.
But to relieve a tortur'd mind,
To triumph o'er disdain,
To gain my captive self once more,
I'd suffer every pain.

Caught by the birdlime's treach'rous twigs,
To which he chanc'd to stray,
The bird his fasten'd feathers leaves;
Then gladly flies away.
His shortned wings he soon renews,
Of snares no more afraid;
Then grows by past experience wise,
Nor is again betray'd.

I know thy pride can ne'er believe
My passion fully o'er:
Because I oft repeat the tale,
And still add something more.
'Tis natural instinct prompts my tongue,
And makes the story last,
As all mankind are fond to boast
Of dangers they have past.

The warrior thus, the combat o'er,
Recounts his bloody wars;
Tells all the hardships which he bore,
And shows his antient scars.
Thus the glad slave, by prosp'rous fate
Freed from the servile chain;
Shews to each friend the galling weight
Which once he dragg'd with pain.

I speak,

I speak, yet speaking, all my aim
 Is but to please my mind ;
 I speak, yet care not if my words
 With thee can credit find.
 I speak, nor ask if my discourse
 Is e'er approv'd by thee :
 Or whether thou with equal ease
 Do'st talk again of me.

I leave a light, inconstant maid,
 Thou'lt lost a heart sincere ;—
 I know not which wants comfort most,
 Or which has most to fear.
 I'm sure a swain so fond and true
 Nice can never find ;
 A nymph like her is easy found,
 False, faithless, and unkind.

TO FANCY.

ALL-powerful Fancy, dear delusive maid,
 Daughter of Hope, Imagination's shade,
 Gift of indulgent Heav'n, design'd below
 With pictur'd joys to balance real woe ;—

Where-

Wherever thou hast spread thy airy wings,
Lodg'd in the breasts of statemen or of kings;
Whether thy visionary pow'r inspires
Some poet's brain with heav'n-descending fires,
And bids him wanton in the golden dream
Of riches, honours, and immortal fame;
Whether thou mak'st the enraptur'd lover trace
A little heav'n, that smiles in Hebe's face;
Dream of a grace divine, an angel's air,
And in the goddess lose the mortal fair:—
Since, in the bitter draught of human woe,
Whate'er of sweet is found, to thee we owe;
Since what substantial happiness we call,
Is but thyself, kind nymph, thy bounty all;
Vain all and empty, but what thou hast giv'n,
E'en virtue's self, unless she leans on heav'n:
Haste hither, sweet deceiver, gentle guest,
Haste and erect thy empire in my breast;
Bid pleasures here in airy forms arise,
Ideal raptures, self-created joys:
Here revel thou entire, and ever reign,
Quick let me catch the visionary scene:
Paint the dear object of my constant flame,
Her face unchang'd, her beauty still the same,

(That

(That only thing thou know'st not to improve)

Fair Chloe,—only soften'd into love :

There let me view the mark of fond desire,

A pure, unspotted, but an equal fire ;

A love that by its coyness more endears,

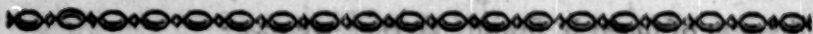
Fearful, but still the more betray'd by fears ;

Here let the heavn'ly image ever dwell ;

Unpleasing truth, rude messenger, farewell !

And since all other methods fruitless prove,

FANCY, be thou my advocate in love.



The R E D - B R E A S T.

—“ When sickly autumn comes, lonely he sits among
 “ the yellow branches, shelter'd by some broad arm, sing-
 “ ing (from morn 'till grey ey'd eve) a requiem to ex-
 “ piring nature.”

HOW chill blows in autumn the gale,

How sickly the meadows appear,

The birds seem to droop in the dale,

We've only the Red-breast to cheer.

O Damon, attend to his song,

How sweetly it trills on my ear ;

I grieve that the warbler ere long

Must submit to the season severe.

When

When spring gave her buds and her bloom,
That trifter, at dawn of the day,
Would fly to my Philida's room,
And wake the dear maid with his lay.

His mate and her nestlings were bred
In the vine that encircles my cot;
Each day on my bounty they fed,
And seem'd to exult in their lot.

So fond of his younglings was he,
That seldom a moment he'd stray,
But perch on some neighb'ring green tree,
And sing to his love all the day.

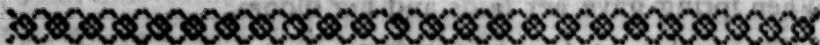
How oft' (as my charmer beheld)
Would she blithsomerly tell of his ways,
Tho' many his plumage excell'd,
She said none could equal his lays.

How oft would she sing in his praise,
And wisely his manners define;
Affirming his innocent ways
Afforded a lesson divine.

In your bosom true tenderness glows,
(She'd say) tho' so simply drest;
Go, warbler, and teach it to those
Who boast they're of reason possess'd.

T. N.

ELEGY.



E. L. E. G. Y.

Written in the Garden of a Friend.

By W. MASON, A. M.

WHILE o'er my head this laurel-woven bow'r
 Its arch of glittering verdure wildly flings,
 Can fancy slumber? can the tuneful pow'r,
 That rules my lyre, neglect her wonted strings?

No; if the blighting East deform'd the plain,
 If this gay bank no balmy sweets exhal'd,
 Still should the grove re-echo to my strain,
 And friendship prompt the theme, where beauty fail'd.

For he, whose careless art this foilage drest,
 Who bad these twining braids of woodbine bend,
 He first with truth and virtue taught my breast
 Where best to chuse, and best to fix a friend.

How well does mem'ry note the golden day,
 What time reclin'd in Marg'ret's studious glade,
 My mimic reed first tun'd the * Dorian lay,
 "Unseen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn shade!"

* Musæus, the first poem which the author published, written while he was a scholar of St. John's college in Cambridge.

'Twas

'Twas there we met: the muses hail'd the hour;
The same desires, the same ingenuous arts
Inspir'd us both: we own'd and bless'd the pow'r
That join'd at once our studies and our hearts.

O! since those days, when science spread the feast,
When emulative youth its relish lent,
Say has one genuine joy e'er warm'd my breast?
Enough: if joy was his, be mine content.

To thirst for praise his temperate youth forbore;
He fondly wish'd not for a poet's name;
Much did he love the muse, but quiet more,
And, tho' he might command, he slighted fame.

Hither in manhood's prime he wisely fled
From all that folly, all that pride approves;
To this soft scene a tender partner led;
This laurel shade was witness to their loves.

" Begone (he cry'd) ambition's air-drawn plan;
" Hence with perplexing pomp's unweildy wealth:
" Let me not seem, but be the happy man,
" Possess of love, of competence, and health."

Smiling he spake, nor did the fates withstand:
In rural arts the peaceful moments flew:
Say, lovely lawn! that felt his forming hand,
How soon thy surface shone with verdure new:

How soon obedient Flora brought her store,
And o'er thy breast a shower of fragrance flung:
Vertumnus came; his earliest blooms he bore,
And thy rich fides with waving purple hung:

Then to the fight he call'd yon stately spire,
He pierc'd th' opposing oak's luxuriant shade.
Bad yonder crowding hawthorns low retire,
Nor veil the glories of the golden mead.

Hail, sylvan wonders, hail! and hail the hand
Whose native taste thy native charms display'd,
And taught one little acre to command
Each envied happiness of scene and shade.

Is there a hill, whose distant azure bounds
The ample range of Scarfsdale's proud domain,
A mountain hoar, that yon' wild peak furrounds,
But lends a willing beauty to thy plain?

And,

And, lo! in yonder path, I spy my friend;
He looks the guardian genius of the grove,
Mild * as the fabled form that whilom deign'd,
At Milton's call, in Harefield's haunts to rove.

Bless'd spirit, come! tho' pent in mortal mould,
I'll yet invoke thee by that purer name;
O come, a portion of thy bliss unfold,
From folly's maze my wayward steps reclaim.

Too long, alas! my inexperienc'd youth,
Mistled by flatt'ring fortune's specious tale,
Has left the rural reign of peace and truth,
The huddling brook, cool cave, and whisp'ring vale.

Won to the world, a candidate for praise,
Yet, let me boast, by no ignoble art,
Too oft the public ear has heard my lays,
Too much its vain applause has touch'd my heart:

But now, e'er custom binds his powerful chains,
Come from the base enchanter set me free,
While yet my soul its first best taste retains,
Recall that soul to reason, peace, and thee.

* See the description of the Genius of the Wood in Milton's *Arcades*,
For know by lot, from Jove I am the power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower;
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, &c.

Teach me, like thee, to muse on nature's page,
 To mark each wonder in creation's plan,
 Each mode of being trace, and humbly sage,
 Deduce from these the genuine powers of man.

Of man, while warm'd with reason's purer ray,
 No tool of policy, no dupe to pride;
 Before vain science led his taste astray;
 When conscience was his law, and God his guide.

This let me learn, and learning let me live
 The lesson o'er. From that great guide of truth
 O may my suppliant soul the boon receive
 To tread thro' age the footsteps of thy youth.

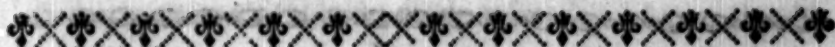
Written in 1758.



*On seeing a faded Rose in a nosegay, worn by Mrs. B---
 at RANELAGH.*

IN vain, Maria, do you strive,
 To keep the fading Rose alive;
 With Nature for your foe,
 To Phœbus rays the fragrant flower,
 Alone can owe its vivid hour;
 And not to hills of snow.

Additional



Additional lines to the poem of the Ghost.

*In the 4th book of the Ghost---Quarto, page 305,
after these lines Mr. Charles Churchill added those
following in Italicks.*

WHIFFLE (who knows not Whiffle's name,
By the impartial voice of fame
Recorded first, thro' all the land,
In vanity's illustrious band ?)
*Whiffle, who might in stature vie,
If all the sons of Gath were by ;
And mock Goliath in his pride,
Thund'ring on tiptoe by his side.*

Again—page 361, after this line.

Such havock of mortality.

*But ever and anon, as one
Whose fury had her strength out-run ;
As one with slaughter weak and faint,
She turn'd from sinner to the saint ;
And while religion inly bleeds,
See stopt, and mumbled o'er her beads.*

* Whiffle—^{he} meant for the character of Sir Francis Delaval.--These lines were added in the book which he was correcting for the press for a collection of his poems.

*Written, and translated by Mr. Garrick, upon Mr.
Jennings declaring an intention to give an edition of
Shakespeare.*

IN SHAKESPEARUM.

FELIX poeta in ævo proximo!
Seculo in hoc miserrime!

Quem Garrick in scena deferuit
Quem Jennings in lucem edidit.

Imitated.

Poet renown'd in every age,
In this I tremble for thy bays!
For Garrick soon will quit the stage,
And Jennings publishes thy plays.

LINES *inscribed to Capt. E. Thompson, and Mr.
W. Woty, by the Rev. Mr. Percival Stockdale.*

WOTY, of Comus long the fav'rite guest,
With noblest arts, and gentlest manners blest;
Will ne'er to drones his social converse deign,
Nor wake for them his gay Horatian strain:

Will

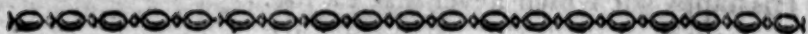
Will ne'er on them his wit in vain bestow,
 His happy wit which never made a foe.
 Soul still spontaneous loves congenial soul,
 True as the faithful needle to the pole;
 But human drones ne'er won an ardent heart,
 By all the frigid politician's art.
 To *Thompson's* favour you must ne'er pretend,
 The dauntless sailor, and the generous friend:
 Whose ruling object is his country's cause,
 Fierce with her arms, and jealous of her laws;
 Whose active worth retards Britannia's doom,
 The single type of uncorrupted Rome.
 His height none reaches in this dwarfish age,
 Look for his character in *Plutarch's* page.



The WONDER: An EPIGRAM.

" 'TIS strange, cries Eugenio, that Roscius the great,
 " Who nature so much has survey'd,
 Sould never (e'en once by way of a feat)
 Or Shylock or Falstaff have play'd."

" It is so, says Sly, and what makes it more new,
 " He doth none of the requisites lack;
 " For we all know he's cunning enough for a Jew,
 " And purfy enough for Old Jack."



An ELEGY;

Occasioned by the death of a Lady's LINNET.

By Mr. PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

Lugete, O Veneres Cupidinesque,
 Et quantum est hominum venustiorum!
 Nam mellitus erat, suamque nôrat
 Ipsam, tam bene quam puella matrem;
 Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum,
 Illuc, unde negant redire quenquam.
 At vobis male sit malæ Tenebræ
 Orci, quæ omnia bella devoratis!

CATULTUS; Carmen III.

I.

IF sensibility, absorbed in woe,
 With art poetic e'er can flow,
 Sweet songster, to thy tuneful shade
 The tribute of the muse be pay'd;

Though

Though to thy fate inadequate my lays;
For since (I envy thee thy glorious doom!
Bright contrast to the dreary tomb!)
Thy life was Delia's care, thy death was Delia's pain,
The verse adventurous should not I refrain?—
What honour can'st thou reap from my aspiring praise?

II.

Could now the soft Tibullus live,
To thee, musician sweet, his elegy he'd give:
Thy destiny abrupt so great a bard should mourn,
And scatter flowers, and laurels round thy urn.
For sure a more affecting tale than thine
Ne'er flow'd along the plaintive line;
Than thine a more affecting tale
Was never told by shepherd, in the blooming vale.
Death, which thy poet from the rack would free,
Was deprivation of high bliss to thee.
For though to sage divines 'tis given
Exactly to prefigure heaven;
To tell us what the soul shall there employ;
Yet let their sacred leave
Permit me to conceive
Of glory no exceeding weight,
That will preponderate that Elysian state,
Which in our nether world thou didst enjoy.

III.

III.

Say, was not Delia's chamber thine;
 And even a dungeon, where she lived, would shine?
 And where she doth not speak, and look, and move,
 A palace must a dungeon prove.
 Thy being did not her affection tend;
 Was Delia not thy mistress, and thy friend?
 And did not thy mellifluent strain
 Her ear enchanted oft detain?
 Did not her eye (divine reward!) approve
 Thy notes of gratitude and love?
 Oh! to her banished Ovid might it's beam
 Athwart the clouds of this dark Pontus gleam,
 Reach, through my visual ray, my drooping heart,
 The lightning would poetic fire impart,
 And raise my genius to its beauteous theme!

IV.

Ye Attic spirits of the softer sex,
 Who your true glory mar, and life domestic vex,
 By seeming witty, or by seeming wise;
 Ye D—bs—ns, C—rt—rs, M—gus, and P—s,
 Who to the false sublime so often rise;
 Rather than in your brilliant circle sit,
 Elected arbiter of female wit;

Than

Than, Jenyns-like, assume the critic's nod,
A Belvedere-form of the Castalian god ;
My anxious breast would wish to gain
From gentle Delia's eye humane,
One lenient look to mitigate my pain——
That my fair, sensible, and virtuous friend
Would deign my numbers to commend ;
Deign to applaud, and to rehearse,
With warm emotion, one impassion'd verse,
That issued from my happy pen,
And marked me the most fortunate of men ;
Though all my other less-distinguish'd rhymes
Were lost to present, and to future times.
Nay, with one spark of my poetic fire,
I'd rather thus her soul inspire,
Than like a Petrarch be renown'd ;
Than in Rome's Capitol be crown'd ;
Rather than Scotland's envy raise ;
Rather than merit England's praise ;
Rather than hear the world's acclaim ;
Should even a Johnson ratify my fame.

V.

Thou feathered songster, thou musician sweet,
Few, in this-iron world, thy honours meet ;

E'er

E'er fate inexorable called thy breath,
 Great were thy honours ;—they were great in death,
 Did not thy sickness wound thy Delia's heart ?
 And did not she exhaust compassion's art,
 All the fond assiduity of grief,
 To bring her favourite bird relief ?
 Was not thy languid frame by her fair hand caress'd ;
 And didst not thou expiring rest
 (Ecstatic death !) on her ambrosial breast ?
 And when thy tuneful soul had fled away
 To myrtle groves, to realms of purer day ;
 Did not she form thy little tomb,
 In that most consecrated ground
 Where warblers breathe, and odours float around ;
 Where oft her beauties deaden Flora's bloom ?
 And in the tomb did she not place thy bier,
 Bedewing it with many a tender tear ;
 Those tears which o'er departed merit shed,
 And in the poet's hallowed numbers read,
 More durably than Egypt's art, embalm the dead ?

VI.

To thee his pæan, then, the bard should give ;
 In elegy, for thee, he should not sigh ;
 Thy life, 'twas rapture, all, to live ;
 Thy death, 'twas luxury, to die.

To one of human race would fate assign
A span as narrow, but as blest as thine,
Him as much pleasure would engage,
As the most happy man, who lives to Nestor's age.

But since I hope not to obtain
Exuberance of bliss; since mental pain
My days embitters, and infects my strain;
And since with woe my future life
Can but maintain a manly strife;
May I, sweet bird, that life resign

In a last scene as elegant as thine!
Let no grim priest distract my feeble head,
Like a harsh raven croaking near my bed;
Let him not agitate my parting breath;
Nor in his poison dip the shaft of death.

But let a priestess of the Muse,
Who to the poet opens fancy's views,
Her forms romantic, and her orient hues;
Let some good nymph, as Delia, fair,
Grant me her last, her tender care;
Vouchsafe humanely to befriend

To cheer, to brighten, to adorn my end.
Round me Parnassian glories then shall smile;
And the cold horror of the grave beguile;
For in an angel of the female kind,
Of person graceful, and of noble mind,
The essence of all poetry we find.

The

The fair one will my soul prepare
 To wanton in Elysian air;
 My heart will feel a gentle fire;
 And imperceptibly I shall expire,
 To realize a previous dream,
 Pregnant with many a fair, and noble theme;
 With the soft climate of the future sky;
 With god-like bards in converse high;
 With all the fragrance of the myrtle grove,
 Where wander youths who died for love,
 No more to feel it's agonizing wound;—
 With silver lyres, and their ecstatic sound;
 With silver streams as musical as they;
 With thee, sweet warbler, on some aromatic spray!

VII.

Let her, my last, my lingering friend,
 My ashes to the grave attend;
 And when to dust consign'd she sees me lie,
 Let pale, and eloquent distress
 Awhile her action and her face impress;
 Be her's, awhile, the deep pathetic sigh;
 And let the liquid pearl drop from her glistening eye.
 Be these my obsequies;—to them, how low
 Is all the dark procession, long, and slow;

Are all the trappings of the fable show;
The scutcheon'd pageantry of mimick woe!

When I twix't this world and the next,
No more with sublunary trifles vex'd,

Have shot the deep, mysterious gulph;

Oh! rather let these honours close

My pleasures few, my numerous woes,

Than all the funeral pomp of Newton, or of Wolfe!

VIII.

Ye bowers of T——, and it's groves,

Henceforth be sacred to the Nine,

Henceforth be sacred to the loves.

Oh! would the soul of Pope divine

But condescend to mix with mine,

Fair might the beauties, then, of T— shine!

No industry would I decline,

No daring, no Pindaric flight,

To give to T— a perpetual name,

And bid it emulate the fame

Of Richmond's blooming hill, and Windsor's towering
height.

For there, his harmony no more,

Lies the sweet poet I deplore.

For, courting oft Hygeia, there,

Delia resides to breathe salubrious air;

There

There oft she walks, in Sol's decline,
 Improving taste, and thoughts benign;
 She, there, (too fond idea!) may peruse
 The labours of my humble Muse;
 Haply she there may sometimes condescend
 To form the gen'rous wish for her ill-fated friend.

IX.

Then let each natural, and each moral grace
 Adorn, and dignify the place:
 Let spring, with partial vigour, there,
 Delight the eye, and scent the air:
 Lel not inclement Boreas meet,
 With contrast quick, the summer's heat;
 Nor disappointed swain deplore,
 The loss of autumn's golden store.
 And still may rustic revels reign;
 And may the hamlet still maintain,
 When winter binds the hoary earth,
 It's festal cheer, and frolick mirth.
 But let the peasants, ever gay,
 Ne'er from innoxious pleasure stray.
 Let Hymen, there, with temperate rule,
 Improve on Cupid's ardent school.
 Let him diffuse his bright and lambent fire
 Of chaste and permanent desire:

Not shake the torch of red, and baleful flame,
With wanton, or with ruthless aim ;
Which, for the true connubial state,
Guardian of manners, and of passions mild,
Works a black scene of jealousy and hate,
Of lawless anarchy—of moral Chaos wild.

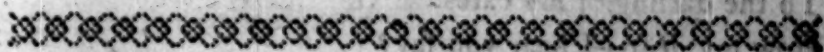
X.

May Zephyr, borne on downy wing,
Propitious, T——, to thy purple spring,
Give all thy sweets luxuriantly to blow,
Thy rivulet with murmuring course to flow ;
May showers that cool, and fertilize,
Maturing suns, and azure skies,
Deck with the charms of Eden all thy plain.
But, Oh ! ye rosy vernal hours,
And all ye rural powers,
Embellish with Arabian flowers,
With flowers of finest form, and richest bloom,
And of most exquisite perfume ;
And shelter, with Arcadian shade,
The ground where that mute chorister is laid
Whose life was Delia's care ; whose death was Delia's
pain.

XI.

There let the soft, refreshing breeze
Whisper through fair, and shady trees ;
Trees oft responsive to the shepherd's tongue ;
Majestick trees which Maro sung ;
And under them to mark the spot of woe,
Let yew, let ivy, and let cypress grow.
Let the most fragrant rose his tomb adorn,
With tint expressive of the morn :
The lily white, the violet blue,
Of mournful, and of pleasant hue ;
And let the woodbine, there, it's breath exhale
To vesper's dying gale ;
The jess'mine too, that loves the wall ;
Of elegant effluvias, all.
There let the modest laylock spring ;
(A tremor checks the Muse's wing !
By Delia's worne, the laylock's dye
Hath often charm'd the poet's eye :
As late I walk'd by Delia's side,
(Honour too great for human pride !)
The native lustre of the lovely maid
In art's refinements dangerously array'd ;
My heart exulting in the rapturous hour,
Her laylock robe confess'd her power ;

The magick influence of the fair
 Improv'd it's colour, and it's air;
 To her a brighter blush I felt it owe;
 From her I felt it sweep with a celestial flow!



*From a Sailor on ship-board, to his Mistress. Written
 on board the BELLONA in January 1762.*

GENTLE, tender, beauteous Belle,
 Alas! no boat comes off—to tell

Sad, despairing, raving I,
 Of my comfort, of my joy!
 Oh! obdurate winds to blow,
 Ruthless waves—to mock my woe!

Two long tedious days—and more,
 You have held us from the shore.

Sailors too, are deaf to me,
 As the roaring of the Sea.

Had I now—as stories tell,

A Dove to bear my beauteous Belle;

Sighs, and billets to and fro,

Gods! what happiness below!

Then, how I would kiss my dove,
 And re-wing him to my love;
 Speed the wishes of my soul,
 Were I banish'd to the Pole.
 Tell the most minute affairs,
 To the darling of my cares.
 How my dear—I hear you say?
 Would the turtle find his way?
 As he found old Noah's ark,
 He would find Bellona's bark.

Could we but accomplish this!
 Oh! what sweet estatick blifs!
 This imaginary scene,
 Drove away thy sailor's spleen
 For awhile:—but now the main
 Roaring, hints a war with Spain.
 Duty calls,—Bellona smiles,
 Soon, she'll leave the sinking Isles.
 Twine an oaken wreath for me,
 Bring all Peru home for thee.

An ELEGY on the death of DOBBIN, the Butter-woman's Horse. By Mr. FOWKES.

THE death of faithful Dobbin I deplore :
Dame Jolt's brown horse, Old Dobbin, is no more.
The cruel fates have snapt his vital thread,
And gammer Jolt bewails old Dobbin dead.

From Stony Ludham down to watery Cray,
This honest horse brought butter every day;
Fresh butter meet to mix with nicest rolls,
And sometimes eggs, and sometimes geese and fowls :
And tho' this horse to stand had ne'er a leg,
He never dropt a goose, or broke an egg.

Ye maids of Cray, your butter'd rolls deplore,
Dame Jolt's brown horse, old Dobbin, is no more.

Oft did the 'squire, that keeps the great hale-house,
Invite the willing vicar to a goose ;
For goose could make his kindred muse aspire
From earth to air, from water to the fire ;
But now, alas ! his towering spirit's fled,
His muse is founder'd, for poor Dobbin's dead.

Last Friday was a luckless day, I wot;
For Friday last lean Dobbin went to pot;
No drinks could cherish, no prescriptions save;
In C——n's he found a living grave:

Weep all, and all (except sad dogs) deplore,
Dame Jolt's brown horse, old Dobbin, is no more.

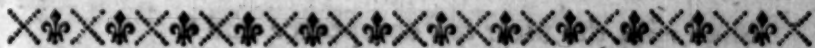
Sulk, Reynard, sulk in the securest grounds,
Now Dobbin hunts thee in the shape of hounds:
Late sure, but slow, he march'd as foot could fall,
Sure to march slow, when e'er he march'd at all;
Now fleetier than the pinions of the wind,
He leaves the huntsman, and the hunt behind;
Pursues thee o'er the hills, and down the steep,
'Thro' the rough copse, wide woods, and waters deep;
Along the unbounded plain, along the lea,
But has no pullet, and no goose for thee.

Ye dogs, ye foxes, howl for Dobbin dead,
Nor thou, O muse, disdain the tear to shed;
Ye maids of Cray your buttered rolls deplore,
Dame Jolt's brown horse, old Dobbin, is no more.



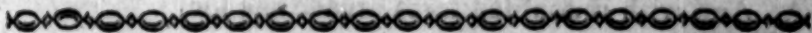
An EPIGRAM.

SAYS a beau to a lady—pray name, if you can,
 Of all your acquaintance, the handsomest man.
 The lady replied—if you'd have me speak true,
 He's the handsomest man, that's the most unlike you.



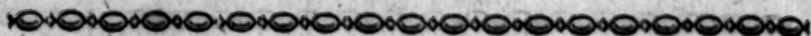
A FEMALE CHARACTER.

HER voice is as clear as the stream,
 Her character bright as the sun :
 Her dealings are hard as a stone,
 But her promise—as sure as a gun.



*On Mr. Pitt being pensioned and becoming a Peer in
 1761.*

*HIC jacet—England's glory—wisdom, wit,
 Ob strange!—all rais'd, and buried in a Pitt.*



S T A N Z A S.

Addressed to Mr. JACKSON. *

AS long as tender sentiment shall please,
And warm expression captivate the mind!
As long as native beauties, genuine ease,
Shall with the nicer few acceptance find!

While taste shall live, in spite of savage art,
And tyrant custom's supercilious sway!
While genius shall inspire the human heart,
By affectation vile untaught to stray.

So long the Muse, her strains impassion'd freed
By *Jackson's* magic touch from base controul,
Shall melt with love!—cause pity's bosom bleed!
And with redoubled force invade the soul!

Who thro' the mazy labyrinth of sound,
Hath walk'd before with chaste, untainted ear?
Return'd in safety from th' enchanted ground?
Unwarp'd by vanity,—uncheck'd by fear?

* This Gentleman composed the quartetto, which was introduced with so good an effect in the *Tempest* at Drury Lane Theatre. His Songs and Elegies have long established his reputation.

'Tis

'Tis thine mid harmony's extensive reign,
 To cull each soft!—each energetic tone!
 Each note, unsully'd by the vulgar train,
 Which Nature whispers in thy ear alone!

'Tis thine, simplicity's much-boasted grace,
 Truly to feel!—to scorn the praise of fools!
 Who view with rapture the distorted face,
 Strangers to modest sense, and all her rules!

'Tis thine, unbiass'd by a transient fame,
 Not stupid wonder! but the heart's applause,
 Nobly to claim!—by this t'exalt thy name,
 While reason, passion, truth, assert thy cause!



ODE to the River LODON.

AH! what a weary race my feet have run,
 Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
 And thought my way was all through fairy ground.
 Beneath thy azure sky, and golden sun:
 Where first my Muse to lisp her notes begun!

While

While pensive memory traces back the round,
 Which fills the varied interval between;
 Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
 Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure
 No more return, to cheer my evening road!
 Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
 Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd,
 From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature:
 Nor with the Muse's laurel unbestow'd.



The S T A T E Q U A C K S.

BRITANNIA was sick, for a doctor they sent,
 And they fetch'd a brae lad fra the Tweed,
 Her pulse when he felt, as he came so he went,
 —But depend upon't Sawney was feed.

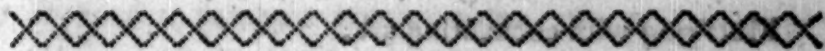
The next was a wight of superior skill,
 And he quickly recover'd her much;
 But rejecting a bolus prescrib'd her by Will,
 He soon hobbled off with his crutch.

Succeeding to him various doctors appear'd,
 And each, as his fancy directed,
 Prescrib'd for her case—which they found was too hard,
 So the patient was quickly neglected.

The

The present Empirics have had her in hand
 Till they find that she daily grows worse,
 But they swear, like true friends, that by her they'll stand
 —While a shilling remains in her purse:

But so long and expensive her illness has been,
 And she's grown so exceedingly poor,
 That 'tis fear'd a consumption will finish the scene,
 And the patient be heard of no more.



COLIN and JENNY: A SONG.

By Miss E----, of PITTODRY.

CLOSELY pent in thickfet arbour,
 Cooing like the mountain dove,
 Colin gave to softness harbour,
 And became the child of love.

Jenny, long in murmurs soothing,
 Sighing told her love-lorn tale;
 Oft her native spirit smoothing,
 Led her swain to Buchan's dale.

Strolling

Strolling by the trickling fountain,
Prattling by her Colin's side,
Still her worth and charms recounting,
Long she strove to be his bride.

Not the lily's vivid staining,
Not the rose in budding grace,
Could their utmost beauties straining,
Equal lovely Jenny's face.

Sweetly did her warblings hover,
Flutt'ring with enchanting art;
Every swain became her lover,
But the swain who stole her heart.

Deaf to every fond entreaty,
Beauty had not power to move;
Colin's bosom would not pity,
Colin was averse to love.

Every art that love could teach her,
Practis'd Jenny on her swain:
Now she play'd the kind beseecher,
Now she tun'd the vocal strain.

Every

Every art, however, failing,
Kindness meeting but disdain :
Cupid saw, and mourn'd her ailing,
And the urchin heal'd her pain.

Meeting Jenny on the mountain,
Wand'ring like the stranger lone ;
From his aëry car dismounting,
Thus he spoke with simp'ring tone :

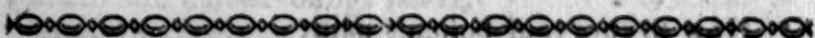
" Lovely nymph ! let me advise ye
" How to cure your bosom's pain ;
" If you wish the swain to prize ye,
" Seem to hold him in disdain.
" Fickle shepherds always scorn ye,
" When you melt within their arms ;
" But with careless air adorn ye,
" And they'll perish for your charms."

Jenny, sweetly Cupid thanking,
Quickly followed his advice ;
With disdain her bosom pranking,
Still she shun'd her Colin's eyes.

Colin

Colin saw, and mourn'd her changing,
 Nettled at her scornful air,
 And, with piteous visage cringing,
 Strove to woo the alter'd fair.

Long she held him at defiance,
 Paying all his former pride;
 But at length, with fond compliance,
 She became her Colin's bride.



*Latratu fures mutas amantes,
 Sic placuo Domino—sic placui Domine.*

The above distich was wittily rendered by Mr. Wilkes, upon Lord and Lady Vain, (who in Smollet's *Peregrine Pickle* are characterised Lord and Lady Frail.)—And he being asked to make an Epigram upon her Lap-dog—wrote—thus—

At thieves I bark—at lovers wag my tail.
 And thus I please—both Lord and Lady Frail.

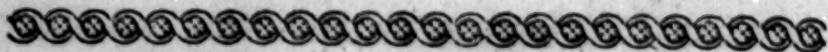


To the Memory of Dr. Goldsmith.

By W. WORTY.

A DIEU, sweet bard, to each fine feeling true,
Many thy virtues, and thy foibles few:
Those form'd to charm—e'en vicious minds—and these
With harmless mirth the social soul to please.
Another's woe thy heart could always melt,
None gave more free, for none more deeply felt.
Sweet bard adieu! thy own harmonious lays
Have sculptur'd out thy monument of praise:
Yes, these survive to time's remotest day,
While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay:
Reader, if number'd in the muse's train,
Go tune the lyre, and imitate his strain.
But if no poet thou, reverse the plan,
Depart in peace, and imitate the man.

SONG.



SONG. By HUGH KELLY.

THO' Love, like a Monkey, had long play'd his tricks,
 And tickled the gills of my heart,
 The whelp was quite puzzled in striving to fix
 A single half inch of his dart.

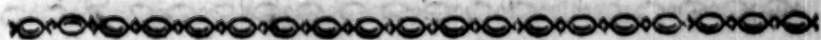
What bomb-shells of eyes at my bosom he cast,
 And at least thought the breast-work to win;
 But forc'd to look out for assistance at last,
 He got it all cleverly in.

At the playhouse one night, O! unfortunate hour,
 An arrow he cunningly sent,
 'Twas drawn with the force of auxiliary pow'r,
 And came from the voice of Miss Brent.

In Sally's sweet strains, while she gratefully rais'd
 A note most enchantingly high;
 Attention stood still on the ear, quite amaz'd,
 'Till I bellow'd out loudly—I die!

Now thro' the Piazza, I prance it along,
 The heaviest booby in nature;
 And hum out my passion in that pretty song,
 That begins with the words, "*Dearest Creature.*"

In revenge that rogue Cupid this method has found,
 Which drives me almost to despair;
 For instead of a face, I must doat on a sound,
 And like Cephalus die for the *Air*.



Extempore on the death of the Dutchess of Queensberry.

“FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,”
When “wild as colt untam’d,”
Inspir’d the Muse—and Prior sung,
By Kitty’s charms inflam’d.

Fair Kitty then, in future time,
When Queensberry’s arms she grac’d,
Befriended still the sons of rhyme,
And shew’d superior taste.

Fair patroness of Gay she shone,
Of ev’ry bard delight;
But Kitty’s charms are lost and gone,
And sunk in endless night.

Yet Kitty’s virtues soar on high,
To realms of endless joy,
While all her worth beneath the sky,
Shall British bards employ.

MEDITATION: An ELEGY.

By HUGH KELLY.

WRAPT in the shade where Meditation lies,
And holds a mental intercourse above ;
Come, Truth, and teach a bosom to be wise,
Which mourn'd too long for disappointed love.

What art thou—wond'rous impulse of desire,
Which blooming hope so pleasingly has drest ?
Or whence proceeds th' involuntary fire ;
Which burns so fiercely in the human breast ?

Sweet inconsistent offspring of the sky,
The latent cause in tenderness declare ;
Nor force the heart eternally to sigh,
And yet conceal the motive of despair.

If Mira's face in every charm is drest,
Why am I doom'd incessantly to pine ?
Or shall the coldness of another's breast.
Create a sharp anxiety in mine ?

Alas !

Alas! since being smil'd upon the morn,
And nature saw how excellent it rose;
Thy race, O man, to misery was born,
And doom'd to bear probationary woes.

Too easy nature, indolently kind,
From fate's severe restrictions to depart,
Gave man a passive tenderness of mind,
And beauty's sole dominion o'er the heart.

But yet the pang of never hoping love,
To time's last moment destin'd to conceal;
Is not the only sorrow we must prove,
The only sorrow we are doom'd to feel.

A latent train of hydra-headed woes,
From life each dearer benefit has stole;
Destroy'd the smallest glimmer of repose,
And damp'd the choicest blessings of the soul.

Perhaps, e'en now, some high distinguish'd name,
Rais'd up to grandeur, and enrich'd by place,
Starts from some new imaginary shame,
Or only slumbers to a fresh disgrace.

Perhaps, now tortur'd on imperial down,
Some scepter'd mourner languishes his hour;
And sinks beneath the burthen of a crown,
The slave of greatness, and the wretch of pow'r.

Some ill-star'd youth, whose melancholy moan
As vainly founded in unpitying ears;
Now weeps, perhaps, in bitterness alone,
And gives a lavish freedom to his tears.

Science, which left him polish'd and refin'd,
Has giv'n a new occasion to complain;
And knowledge only has enlarg'd his mind,
To make it more susceptible of pain.

No hand, alas! its kind assistance lends,
To drive misfortune from his lowly door;
For when, O when, did wretchedness make friends!
Or who will seek acquaintance with the poor!

Perhaps some virgin is this moment led,
All sicklied over with dejected charms,
Compell'd to languish in a hated bed,
And seem quite happy in detested arms.

Wedded

Wedded to anguish and repining care,
Yet bound to wear no sorrow in her eye;
And tho' condemn'd for ever to despair,
Deny'd the humble privilege to sigh.

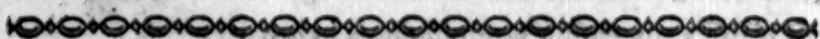
How dread a picture meditation brings
Of life's unceasing wretchedness below!
Where the long chain and ordinance of things
Appear so fraught with misery and woe.

Yet rest, my soul, submissively, O rest,
Nor think that virtue has been treated hard:
This world was made to prove it in the breast,
And not alone intended to reward.

The great first cause, all-gracious, has design'd,
His endless transports for a world of bliss,
To crown a moral rectitude of mind,
And bless obedient righteousness in this.

Whatever ills in this uncertain state,
Lamenting man may frequently have known,
Spring from no wish or negligence of fate,
But some unhappy error of his own.

Then, all resign'd, O let him pour his heart !
 And kiss the sharp, but salutary rod !
 Nor, tho' condemned in bitterness to smart,
 Presume to throw the blame upon his God.



The INJURED HUSBAND.

Said to be lately written by a man of fashion.

WHAT friendly ray, in pity drest,
 O say, can hope bestow !
 To give distraction fight of rest,
 Or soothe the eternal woe.

Life's little lamp, one tender beam,
 To grief no more can spare ;
 But faintly turns a dying gleam
 On anguish and despair.

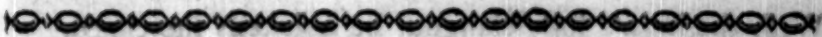
Look down, unending source of fate,
 From yon obedient skies ;
 And O instruct a wretch to hate
 The fair he must despise.

What

Whatever tortures rend his breast,
 Whatever conflicts roll,
 Teach him to tear her from his breast,
 And root her from his soul.

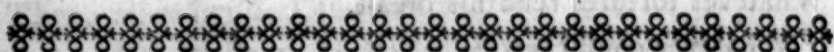
Once pure as winter's whitest snow
 She gave her sacred vow !
 Once pure as innocence—but, O
 Just heav'n, what is she now ?

Then grant a wish, indulgent fate,
 On which my heart is set ;
 Or if I must not think to hate,
 O let me but forget.



On two lovely and loving Sisters. By AARON HILL.

WHEN equal charms, in different colours dress'd,
 Have two sweet Sisters rival persons bless'd,
 How kind is Heaven, their minds with love to strike,
 And teach 'em both to look, and think alike !



The SPORTSMAN: A SONNET.

HARK ! the loud-tuning horn bids the sportsman prepare,

And the hounds woo him forth to the lawn ;

The huntsman proclaims that the morning is fair,

And Aurora with red streaks the dawn.

With pleasure he hearkens the heart-foothing cheer,

Shakes Morpheus and slumber away ;

While joyful he starts, and with speed doth appear

The foremost to welcome the day.

With the horn's jolly clangour he quickens the chase,

And fills all the vale with his joys ;

While his pleasure, full glowing, enlivens his face,

And the hounds in full concert rejoice.

From the sportsman, ye drones, you may learn how to live,

Exempted from pain or disease ;

He'll shew, that the fields and the meadows will give

That health which you barter for ease.

*Genuina Gloucesteriensis Ducis & dilectæ admodum
Conjugis pictura.*

SI pietati unquam pietas sociata, fuitque

Casta pudicitæ nupta pudicities;

Si virtus perrara pari virtute coivit,

Ac juncta est bonitas cum bonitate simul;

Si candore potest geminari candor amœnus,

Et valet integritas integritate frui;

Si gravitas blandos non spernit sumere vultus,

Formaque divinæ præmia mentis amat;

Si Venus & Pallas nodo nectuntur eodem,

Et recubant uno Phœbus Amorque toro.

Aspice regales sociatos numine sponfos,

Exemplum dictæ nobile pacis habes.

WM. ROYU,

Formerly Teacher at Aſton.

Rhymes,



Rhymes, with a present of Ribbands, to ----, of Cornwall.

LET Ladies born to high estate,
 Be deck'd in jewels rare;
 The Village-maid, in humble garb,
 May surely be as fair.

And when, in gown all snowy white,
 On Sundays you are seen,
 With dimpled smile and blooming cheek,
 And gay as any queen,

This ribband, flower'd in filken loom,
 Your head-dress shall adorn;
 But while you prize its lovely bloom,
 Your bosom let it warn!

The brightest colours soonest fade,
 Let then my girl beware,
 And trust to charms of longer date,
 And be as good as fair.

Sweet

Sweet maid ! who, far from courtly haunts,
 In humble drefs can't shine ;
 Gay health and conscious innocence,
 And spotless fame, are thine.

With these content—nor wish to soar
 Beyond thy little sphere,
 Where jewels hide a sorrowing heart,
 And sparkling eyes a tear.

And when you meet a faithful youth
 Who lives alone for you,
 Accept his vows of constant love,
 And be for ever true.

Not over free, nor over coy,
 Preserve the golden mean ;
 Compliance oft will love destroy,
 And shyness give the spleen.

Be warm, yet modest, gay and wise,
 Nor trifle with his smart ;
 Beauty at first may catch our eyes,
 But worth secures the heart.

And

236 THE MUSE'S MIRROR.

And when in holy bands you join,
On him each smile bestow ;
Nor think a wife should e'er forget
The charms that made her so.

Thus days of ease and nights of joy
Your latest hours shall bless,
And death a transient passage prove,
To endless happiness !

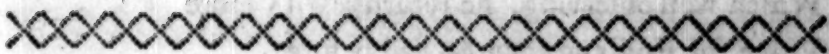
Then listen to your faithful friend,
These prudent lessons learn ;
And while this ribband binds your brows,
Your bosom let it warn.

Portsmouth, Sept. 16.



The R O S E and L I L L Y.

WHENCE comes it—that in Clara's face
The Lilly only has a place ?
Whence comes it ? Why, because the Rose,
Is gone to paint her husband's nose.



An Epitaph in the Church-yard at Newington, in Oxfordshire.

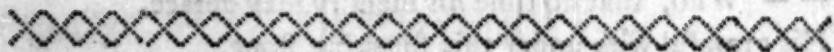
By WALLER.

HENRY DUNCH, ESQ.

HERE lies the prop and glory of his race,
 Who, that no time his mem'ry may deface,
 His grateful wife under this speaking stone,
 His ashes hid, to make his merit known.
 Sprung from an opulent and worthy line,
 Whose well-us'd fortune made their virtues shine,
 A rich example his fair life did give,
 How others should with their relations live.
 A pious son, a husband, and a friend,
 To neighbours too his bounty did extend
 So far, that they lamented when he died,
 As if all to him had been near allied.
 His curious youth would men and manners know,
 Which made him to the southern nations go.
 Nearer the sun, tho' they more civil seem,
 Revenge and luxury have their esteem,

Which

Which well observing, he return'd with more
 Value for England than he had before;
 Her true religion, and her statutes too,
 He practis'd not less than seek'd to know.
 And the whole country griev'd for their ill fate,
 To lose so good, so just a magistrate.
 To shed a tear may readers be inclin'd,
 And pray for one he only left behind,
 Till she who does inherit his estate,
 May virtue love like him, and vices hate.



The RIVAL BEAUTIES.

From RUFINUS.

THREE lovely nymphs, contending for the prize,
 Display'd their charms before my critic eyes,
 Superior beauties heighten'd every grace,
 And seem'd to mark them of celestial race.
 But I, who, blest'd like Paris, fear'd his fall,
 Swore each a Venus was—and pleas'd them all.

On

On the death of the Rev. Mr Eccles *-- Author of
"The Man of Feeling"---who was drowned in at-
 tempting to save a youth in the river in Dolmead.

WHEN such the feelings of the human heart,
 Death might have held his sharp, unerring dart:
 Doth this thy kindness to us mortals prove,
 To murder him—who shou'd such heavenly love?

Relent-

* The Rev. Mr. Charles Eccles, who fell a sacrifice to his humanity—was of a very respectable family in the North of Ireland—and possessed a considerable situation in the Church. He was the Author of *"The Man of Feeling"* and many other respectable anonymous publications—he was about 30 years of age. His death was thus.

He was walking in Dolmead Bath—and a youth in bathing had got out of his depth—he strip'd off his coat and leaped into the river to save him—but the youth fastening improperly upon him, they sunk together and were drowned. An inhuman monster who lived hard by---refused admittance of the bodies, that the faculty wanted to recover to life. This Mr. P—— had been lately wounded, and narrowly escaped with life, which occasioned these lines.

"Is there an heart—but must dejection wear?
 "Is there an eye that can resist a tear?
 "Yes—callous to the soft endearing tie,
 "All know where thou denied'st humanity.
 "E'en he, that Heaven's auspicious hand reliev'd,
 "Refus'd the mercy he so late receiv'd."

M.

Relentless death—thy bitt'rest venom's sped,
 But thine's the loss—*the Man of Feeling's dead.*
 Yet, e're thou rob'st his fellow of such breath,
 Triumphant TIME shall glory in thy death. -

E. T.



In obitum FRANCISCI FAWKES, M. A.

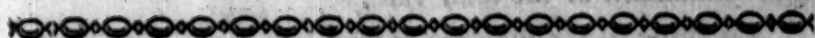
FESTIVUM festo si dant convivia cordi,
 Siquid mellifluum carmine musa, vale!
 Spirat at omnis amor, rident juvenilia læta,
 Olim quæ lufit Teius ille senex.
 * Smyrnæo dulci lachrymam linguamque dedisti;
 Vivit, et ingenium, concipit ille tuo.
 Vivunt Sicelides per te meliora canentes;
 † Thessala væ pinus, te pereunte, perit!

J. C.

* Bioni.

† Anglice vertebat et editurus erat Apollonii Rhodii Argonautica. Aliquot abhinc annis prodierant Interpretationes ejus Anacreontis, Sapphūs, Bionis, Moschi, Musæi, et Theocriti.

ODE



O D E to M E M O R Y.

By W. W O R Y.

GODDESS! o'er me diffuse thy influence,
The world their merit owe to thee,
Their brilliant wit, their solid sense,
Thou parent of ability!
Or shall I say, to dare the critic's blame,
Ability, and thou, oh Memory! are the same.

Whence in the senate doth a Tully shine!
Whence—but from thy inspiring ray!
With gems collected from thy mine,
Where long in dark repose they lay,
Himself he decks, and with thy borrow'd light,
Transforms to lively day, th' unmeaning blank of night!

In vain may Science with her pupil stray
Thro' ev'ry path in Learning's land;
Science may teach him to survey,
'Tis thine to make him understand!
To stamp each image on his infant mind,
And polish fair the draught his fancy had design'd.

Bright emanation of the solar vast !

'Tis thine to range in order true

The phalanx of ideas past,

Fit to encounter, and subdue,

And into present act—then wanted most,

Bring out in close array, the formidable host.

Depriv'd of thee, how useless are the schools !

Thou active source of all that's great !

Rest of thy aid, the wise are fools,

For logic cools without thy heat,

But glowing by thy flame in depth of thought,

She feels her mind expand, and finds the truth she sought.

Ah ! what was Swift !—heroic Marlborough what !

When, Memory ! thou withdrew thy light ?

The god-like mind was all a blot,

And nature fainted at the sight !

O thought ! to check the mad career of pride !

From which the startled Muse with sorrow shrinks aside ;

But, goddess ! independent of the fame,

That animates the hero's soul,

That screens from death the statesman's name,

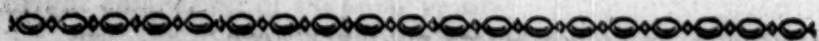
And ranks the bard within thy roll,

In humbler suit I woo thee to be kind,

No idle vaunter I, of large, capacious mind.

Descend !

Descend! and place before my fancy's eye
 The play-things of my boyish days;
 (Tho' those sometimes have cost a sigh,)
 My little works, my little plays,
 When freed at even from my master's chain,
 With mirth, and with my mates, I revell'd o'er the plain.
 Bring each delightful, each enchanting scene,
 To raise my ardent wishes high,
 All that thy careful hand can glean,
 And wing my spirit to the sky,
 Gay Rapture's long-lost images renew,
 And hold the landscape full,—yet fuller to my view!
 But in the back-ground should'st thou place a train
 Of forms ill-featur'd,—even one,
 One o'er the whole will cast a stain;
 Where most I wish to meet with none.
 Oh! take the blemish'd picture far away,
 Leave me, for ever leave,—or with good humour stay!
 Leave me,—ah! no,—so soon we must not part!
 That word alarms,—creates despair,
 And plants a dagger in my heart,
 To drink life's ebbing current there!
 Stay! for with thee, as Heav'n ordains below,
 I'll quaff the bowl of joy, or drain the cup of woe!



EPI T A P H on Lady C O C K L A W.

DEATH! since thy reign began could thou e'er say,
 That thy keen jav'lin did a woman slay;
 O'er whom not one good word of praise was said,
 Not one bare tear of lamentation shed;
 One, whom alive, no creature ever lov'd,
 Whose death the neighbours saw or heard unmov'd;
 One whom nor passion nor desire could touch,
 With body, Hottentot, and soul true Dutch.
 Despis'd in all the states of female life,
 Of daughter, sister, widow, maid or wife.
 A perfect devil to her very self,
 And fond of nothing but of cats and pelf;
 Impregnable to pity, grief, or mirth,
 A greedy, fordid, barren lump of earth,
 With neither beauty, virtue, grace nor pride
 Unlov'd, unfear'd, uncar'd for, unenvy'd.
 Then tyrant, lest the wonder be forgot,
 Erect a trophy o'er this famous spot,
 Where Lady Cocklaw's bones are laid to rot,

} Cha-

Characters of Mr. Granville (Nephew to Lord Lansdowne) and of William Harrison, Esq. from an epistle of Dr. Young's not yet inserted among his works.

YET still one bliss, one glory, I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my Lord, whom you must blame,
That I grow thus familiar with your name.

He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice,
Nor serve these virtues to atone for vice:
Vice he has none, or such as none with less,
But friends indeed, good-nature in excess.
You cannot boast the merits of a choice,
In making him your own, 'twas Nature's voice,
Which call'd too loud by man to be withstood,
Pleading a tie far nearer than of blood;

Similitude of manners, such a mind,
As makes you less the wonder of mankind.
Such ease his common converse recommends,
As he ne'er felt a passion, but his friend's;
Yet fix'd his principles, beyond the force
Of all beneath the sun, to bend his course *.

* His Lordship's nephew, who took orders.

Thus the tall Cedar, beautiful and fair,
 Flatters the motions of the wanton air;
 Salutes each pressing breeze with head reclin'd;
 The pliant branches dance in every wind:
 But fix'd the stem her upright state maintains,
 And all the fury of the North disdains.

How are you bless'd in such a matchless friend!
 Alas! with me the joys of friendship end;
 O Harrison! I must, I will complain;
 Tears sooth the soul's distress, though shed in vain;
 Didst thou return, and bless thy native shore
 With welcome peace, and is my friend no more?—
 Thy task was early done, and I must own
 Death kind to thee, but ah! to thee alone.
 But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
 The sorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
 Strafford and Bolingbroke the loss perceive,
 They grieve, and make thee envy'd in thy grave,
 With aking heart, and a foreboding mind,
 I night to day in painful journey join'd,
 When first inform'd of his approaching fate;
 But reach'd the partner of my soul too late:

'Twas

'Twas past, his cheek was cold, that tuneful tongue,
 Which Isis charm'd with its melodious song,
 Now languish'd, wanted strength to speak his pain,
 Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and sunk again :
 Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
 Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart.
 To what serv'd all his promis'd wealth and power,
 But more to load that most unhappy hour ?

Yet still prevail'd the greatness of his mind ;
 That, not in health, or life itself confin'd,
 Felt through his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
 Mounted to joy, and smil'd in death's embrace.

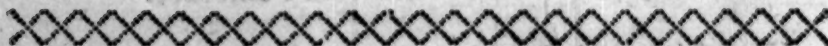
His spirit now just ready to resign,
 No longer now his own, no longer mine,
 He grasps my hand, his swimming eye-balls roll,
 My hand he grasps, and enters in my soul ;
 Then with a groan—support me, O ! beware
 Of holding worth, however great, too dear !



Epitaph on Mr. Burton, Comedian,

By Capt. E. THOMPSON.

LONG on the stage—thou playd'st thy part,
 And well—good master Burton:
 But when death rudely put thee out,
 The prompter drop'd the curtain,



A F A B L E.

FOLLY and Ignorance, by chance, or fate,
 Inamour'd, enter'd into wedlock's state.
 Issue infu'd, Injustice, eldest-born;
 Next, of all goodness, irreligious Scorn.
 No more, says Jove, if Lewdness should succeed,
 This third another Coterie might breed.

The death of Alico, an African slave, condemned for rebellion, in Jamaica, 1762.

By BRYANT EDWARDS, ESQ. of Jamaica.

'TIS past:—Ah! calm thy * cares to rest!

Firm and unmov'd am I:—

In freedom's cause I barr'd my breast,——

In freedom's cause I die.

Ah stop! thou dost me fatal wrong:——

Nature will yet rebel;

For I have lov'd thee very long,

And lov'd the very well.

To native skies and peaceful bowr's,

I soon shall wing my way;

Where joy shall lead the circling hours,

Unless too long thy stay.

O speed, fair sun! thy course divine;

My *Abala* remove;——

There thy bright beams shall ever shine,

And I for ever love!

* He is supposed to address his wife at the place of execution.

On

On those blest shores—a slave no more !

In peaceful ease I'll stray ;

Or rouse to chase the mountain boar,

As unconfin'd as day !

No christian tyrant there is known

To mark his steps with blood,

Nor fable mis'ry's piercing moan

Resounds thro' ev'ry wood !

Yet have I heard the melting tongue,

Have seen the falling tear ;

Known the good heart by pity wrung,

Ah ! that such hearts are rare !

Now, Christian, glut thy ravish'd eyes !

---I reach the joyful hour ;

Now bid the scorching flames arise,

And these poor limbs devour :

But, know, pale tyrant, 'tis not thine

Eternal war to wage ;

The death thou giv'st shall but combine

To mock thy baffled rage.

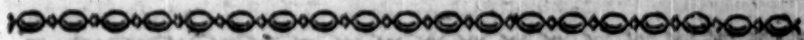
O death,

O death, how welcome to th' oppress'd !

Thy kind embrace I crave !

Thou bring'st to mis'ry's bosom rest,

And freedom to the slave !



O D E. To Miss *****.

By the same.

O CLEAR that cruel, doubting brow !
—I'll call on mighty Jove

To witness this eternal vow ;—

'Tis you alone I love !

“ O leave the god to soft repose,”

(The smiling maid replies)

“ For Jove but laughs at lovers oaths,

“ And lovers perjuries.”

By honour'd beauty's gentle pow'r ;

By friendship's holy flame ;—

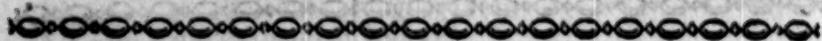
“ Ah ! what is beauty but a flow'r

“ And friendship but a name !”

By

By those dear tempting lips I cried;—

—With arch, ambiguous look,
Convinc'd, my Cloe glanc'd aside,
And bade me kiss the book.



Epitaph on a dead Parrot thrown down a Necessary.

BENEATH lies interr'd
The remains of a bird
Who bow'd to all conqu'ring fate;
Whose master took care
To teach him to swear,
As his mistress taught him to prate.

If complaint should be made
Of the place where he's laid,
Poor Betty was sure not in fault;
For she like the great
Laid her parrot in state
And therefore procur'd him a vault!

To adorn this sad tomb
 For ages to come.
 His mistress still kinder, and kinder,
 Declares with a tear
 She'll never come there,
 But will always leave something behind her!



*To a Lady who lately published in the News-papers a
 poem of Miss Carter's, pretending it to be her own.*

OLD Homer has sung to a very fine tune-o,
 How Jove on Mount Ida was impos'd on by Juno;
 When his godship was slow in the conjugal duty,
 His lady, to give a Japan to her beauty,
 Most artfully borrow'd the girdle of Venus,
 Deluding the god! tho' the crime was most heinous!
 Thus whetted to action, old Pater Deorum
 Was held by the—nose till he fell in a Snorum.

So you, my dear girl, (who reside on Mount Ida,
 And have long wish'd in vain to be somebody's bride-a,

Per-

Perceiving the hearts of the youth to be callous,
 Have pilfer'd a scrap of the wisdom of Pallas;
 Both of beauty and wit you have now the advantage,
 For 'tis said you have likewise got Venus's Bandage.

Exeter, March 7.



KARN-BRÆ, a DRUID ODE.

By J. W*****T.

WHILE Nature slumbers in the shade,
 And Cynthia cloth'd in paly light,
 Walks her lone way, the mount I tread,
 Majestic mid the gloom of night!
 With rev'rence to the lofty hill I bow,
 Whence Wisdom, Virtue, taught their founts to flow,
 Wan, on yon rock's aspiring steep,
 Behold a Druid form forlorn!—
 I see the white-rob'd phantom weep—
 I hear to Heav'n his wild harp mourn!
 The temples open'd to the vulgar eye,
 And oaks departed, wake his inmost sigh.

O lover

O lover of the twilight hour,
That calls thee from the tombs of death,
To haunt the cave, the time-struck tow'r,
The sea-girt cliff, the stormy heath;
Sweet is thy minstrelsy to him whose lays
First sung this hallow'd hill of ancient days.

Yet not this Druid scene alone
Inspires the gloom-delighted Muse:
Ah! many a hill, to fame unknown,
With awe the tuneful wand'rer views,
And oft whilst midnight lends her lill'ning ear,
Sings darkling to the solitary sphere.

Poor ghost! no more the Druid band
Shall watch, devotion-wrap'd, their fire;
No more high sounding thro' the land,
To virtue strike the plauding lyre:
The snake along the frowning fragment creeps,
And Fox obscene beneath its shadow sleeps.

No more beneath the golden hook,
The treasures of the grove shall fall:
Time triumphs o'er each vanish'd oak——
The power, whose might shall crush the ball!
Yet, yet till nature droops the head to die,
Compassion grant each monument a sigh.

The

The bards in lays sublime, no more
The warrior's glorious deeds relate ;
Whose patriot arm a thunder bore,
That hurl'd his country's foe to fate :
Lo ! mute the harp near each pale Druid hung !
Mute like the voice that once accordant sung.

Save when the wand'ring breeze of morn,
Or Eve's wild gale, with wanton wing,
To hear the note of sorrow mourn,
Steals to the silent sleeping string ;
And wildly brushing, wakes with sweetest swell
The plaintive trembling spirit of the shell.

Here Virtue's awful voice was heard,
That pour'd th' instructive truth profound :
Here Cornwall's sons, that voice rever'd,
Where sullen silence sleeps around :
See where she sung, sad Melancholy tread,
A pensive pilgrim o'er th' unconscious dead !

She call's on Alda's, Odred's name,
Sons to the darken'd world of yore !
Lured by whose eagle pinion'd fame,
The stranger left his native shore——
Daring his white sails to the wings he gave,
And fought fair knowledge from the distant wave.

Tho'

Tho' few these awful rocks revere,
 And temples that deserted lie;
 The Muse shall ask the tend'rest tear
 That ever drop'd from Pity's eye,
 T' embalm the ruins, that her sighs deplore,
 Where Wisdom, Virtue—dwelt, but dwell no more.

*Upon the largest Jewel's dropping out of his Majesty's
 Crown on his Coronation.*

WELL I remember on that crouded day,
 Which gave thee, George, of all these Isles the
 sway.
 A serious omen of an early date,
 Which threaten'd a convulsion of the state:
 When on thy brow they plac'd the royal Crown,
 Then the most precious jewel tumbled down:
 Now it is verified—events must tell,
 The jewel was *America*—that fell.

N.



A little **M O N O D Y.**

*To the memory of a natural child which died a few days
after the birth---Oct. 13, 1772.*

By Capt. E. THOMPSON.

HAIL ! lovely babe—pure as thy natal morn,
 Begot with rapture—in dishonour born :
 That breast refus'd—which nature bade thee claim,
 Alas ! refus'd—to save thy mother's fame,
 The cup of life thou took'st—and turn'd'st aside—
 Tasted—and found it bitter—wept and died.
 This to thy fate a piteous parent gave,
 Who with his tears bedew'd thy sad, untimely grave.



The Lais of Tylgarsely. Inscribed to Mrs. Lacy, 1775.

UPON a wild and thymy heath,
Near Woodstock's secret bower;
Where gallant Henry wove a wreath
Of ev'ry fragrant flower,
To make a garland sweet and rare,
To deck his *Rosamunda's* hair.
Thrice hapless maid, old Clifford's child,
Whose fall the Muses sung:
At whose chaste birth the graces smil'd,
And every Village rung!
Fell jealousy, which could destroy,
The world's sweet rose and Henry's joy,
Not so, the beauteous lais I sing,
No crime hath stain'd her name;
For chastity's imperial ring
Her finger fits---and fame;
Virtue on which this posse wove,
"Simplicity---good nature, love."
Since *Rosamond* confess'd the pow'r
Of Eleanor's hard hand;
Nature ne'er nur'd so sweet a flow'r
To grace her fairy land:
Had *Chaucer* liv'd---her charms to see,
He'd sung the lais of *Tylgarsely*.

E. T.

Ordo mundi probat Deum.

The order of the world proves that there is a God.

LOOK round thee, man, observe the planets roll,
 Inspect the universe from pole to pole,
 From less to greater, greater to the whole;
 Search but the bowels of thy mother earth,
 To what unnumber'd beings she gives birth;
 Explore the deep, proud Neptune's dread domain,
 Admire the wonders of his wat'ry plain;
 Try then thy skill, confess thy weak design,
 Confess, and own the architect's divine.
 But doubting still, review the vaulted skies,
 Where worlds on worlds to infinite arise:
 Where the bright god of day corrects the storms,
 And beaming soft, the face of heav'n reforms:
 Where Cynthia pale, emits her feeble light,
 And rules the realms of solitary night,
 Where Hesper leads his starry train along,
 Shining himself the brightest of his throng;
 Trace all their paths, in beauteous order trod,
 And say, if CHANCE directs them, or a God.
 Yet, hark! loud thunder rends the trembling sky,
 See, bursting clouds, the livid light'ning fly!
 Hear and behold these things, presumptuous man,
 Then be the boasted Atheist, if you can.

L I N E S

LINES ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

CLARA, I yield :—deserv'd contempt I meet :
 But spare the worm that curls beneath thy feet !
 'Tis true I sink, my race of scandal run,
 But what has harmless, helpless Tattle done ?
 No mischiefs threaten from that pond'rous scull—
 My farthing post,—as innocent as dull :
 His head un-us'd, his legs on errands ran,
 I scorn'd the blockhead, but employ'd the man.

Too late, I wish thy dang'rous spoils unfought,
 And curse the trophies I so dearly bought.
 Abash'd, appall'd, I kiss the vengeful rod,
 And shame no more the ensigns of my God.
 Secure from me, be hence thy life approv'd,
 Thy talents honour'd, and thy beauty lov'd !
 For sure as malice points at Clara's fame,
 So oft will insult tread on Strato's name.

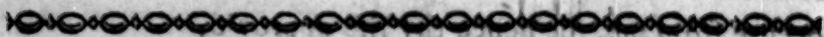


The following is a Monkish distich, found somewhere in an old Abbey---translated by Dr. Burton, late head-master of Winchester College.

DE priore nihil male loqui,
 Facere officium taleter, qualitor;
 Sine mundum facere sicut vult,
 Nam sicut mundus vadere vult
 Sicut vult vadere——

Translation.

Of thy betters say nothing ill,
 Do thy duty so and so;
 Let the world go as it will,
 For as it will, so will it go.



To the memory of Mrs. Deborah Thompson.

WHOE'ER thou art, by fate or fortune led,
 To this sad spot among the virtuous dead:
 If e'er by chance, this faithful fair one's grave,
 Should an unallow'd, noxious nettle have,
 Pluck up the weed—it hath no business here,
 And give the virtuous gone—one virtuous tear.

The

The MIRACLE : a true Tale. By C. DENIS.

A Quarrel once, as story goes,
'Twixt Belzebub and Guilain rose ;

(A devil this, and that a monk,)

Which should possess a mother punk.

A quarrel, say you ? That is odd !

There might 'twixt Belzebub and God.

St. Antonies are scarce of late,

Who could the tempters lure withstand ?

Such wonders now are out of date,

Devil and monk go hand in hand.

How comes it then, they fall out now ?

Mark, and I'll tell you why, and how :

A bawd was giving up the ghost,

And as 'tis int'rest governs most ;

The devil watch'd for't as his prey,

Soon as it left its filthy clay.

And to make good his lawful claim,

(All prosecutors do the same)

Of her black sins produc'd a roll ;

A dreadful, frightful, wicked scroll !

How many maidens she trepan'd,

How many widows she had man'd.

And, still a much more heinous crime,
 What children brought before their time.
 With other sins a tedious line,
 The least, said he, could stamp her mine.
 And as I plead not out of spite,
 The devil e'en should have his right.
 To all this charge the monk replies,
 She has confess'd, so if she dies,
 E'er she the one sin commits again,
 Confession wipes off ev'ry stain.
 Repentant sinners are forgiv'n
 Their stedfast hopes rest sure in Heav'n.
 To what end absolution then?
 And holy water? holy men?
 If we can't break the devil's yoke,
 Religion would be a mere joke.
 When penitents shew deep contrition,
 'Tis ours to give a full remission.
 The thing is settled ages past,
 From Pope the first to Pope the last.
 Wherefore I do avert hell's storm;
 She dies a Magdalen in form.
 When Belzebub resum'd again,
 I have a prior right 'tis plain.
 I'll prove it clear at any sessions:
 What signify your trite confessions?

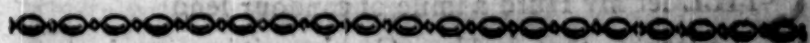
Sin and repent, repent and fin,
 That brings your holy comings in.
 But I'll not be bamboozled thus,
 With all your priestcraft, canting, fuff;
 And yet to shew an honest devil,
 Provided saints are not uncivil,
 I'll wave my right, I'll drop my plea,
 And shew the shortest, wisest way.
 Let's trust the issue of our cause
 To the decision of two straws;
 Or a more fashionable game,
 Let's raffle who shall have the dame—
 Why don't all clients do the same?
 'Twould save a deal of cost and pains,
 Where oft the winner nothing gains.
 Done; said the monk, it is a match,
 For sake of justice and dispatch.
 Not that I love of self to boast,
 But I can dice as well as most.
 Whether by fortune blest or curst,
 'Twas Belzebub's to throw the first.
 So that if equal numbers came,
 The eldest hand took up the game.
 They fixt it thus t' avoid a pother,
 It was as good for one as t' other.
 Now Belzebub thrice took the box,
 The table had as many knocks.

When

When out the dice triumphant flew,
 And sixes three appear'd to view;
 At which the devil grimly smil'd,
 And cried she's mine—we'll have her broil'd.
Guilain, will you make one at dinner,
 Ah! what a tit bit's such a finner.
 In spite of absolution past——
 Hold, quoth the monk, not quite so fast:
 I am resolv'd to have my throw,
 Whate'er's my luck the world shall know.
 He shook the box—implor'd the Heavens,
 And from the box flew out three sevens!
 Three sevens!—that I must suspect——
 But what, can't do a saint elect?
 The bawd—no doubt had gone to hell,
 Was it not for this miracle.
Guilian obtain'd it in her favour——
 Nought but a miracle could save her.
 After a life of pious fame,
 He fainted was——and to this day
 An abbey bears *St. Guilan's* name:
 To whom, all bawds are bound to pray.
 So far our tale—as here 'tis told,
 In monkish legends is enroll'd.
 And at this very time I ween,
 A picture in the church is seen;

The limning is of Flemish nature,
 Drawn from the life in garb and feature.
 Done by a pencil free and able,
 The box and dice are on the table;
 The devil's finely represented,
 In friar's dress the saint is painted.

With eyes uplifted—uprais'd hands,
 Th' old woman snatch'd from satan's grasp,
 Close by her benefactor stands——
 In patch'd up rags and dirty cap.



*Epitaph to the memory of Capt. Thomas Male, who died
 on the Coast of Guinea in 1771, a gallant Sea Officer,
 and an honest man. By Capt. E. THOMPSON.*

WHether sailor or not—for a moment avast!
 Poor Tom's *mizen topsail* is laid to the mast.
 He'll never turn out, or again heave the lead,
 He his now *all aback*---nor will *sails shoot a-head*:
 He always was brisk---and though now gone to wreck,
 When he hears the last whistle---he'll jump upon deck.



*To the Right Rev. the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry,
Preceptor to the Prince of Wales and Bishop of Osnaburg.*

SONNET *by the Author of* CARACTACUS.

(Accompanying that Poem.)

STILL let my Hurd a smile of candour lend
To scenes, that dar'd on Grecian pinions tow'r,
When, "in low Thurcaston's sequester'd bow'r,"
He prais'd the strain, because he lov'd the friend.
There golden leisure did his steps attend,
Nor had the rare, yet well-weigh'd, call of power,
To those high cares decreed his watchful hour,
On which fair Albion's future hopes depend.
A fate unlook'd-for waits my friend and me;
He pays to duty what was learning's claim,
Resigning classic ease---for dignity;
I yield my muse to fashion's praise, or blame:
Yet still our hearts in this great truth agree,
That peace alone is bliss!--and virtue, fame!

Aston, Nov. 12, 1776.

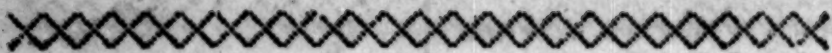
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W. MASON.

Epi-

*Epitaph to the memory of Mr. Charles Denis---author of a
Volume of Fables, and many ingenious translations of Fon-
tain---By Capt. E. THOMPSON, June 1772.*

Beneath this stone Charles Denis lies,
Lastingly merry, early wise:
That none, excepting they were told,
Ever discover'd he was old.
His fame a monument shall be,
That ages hence, as well as we,
Shall join with pleasure in the strain,
And boast of England's sweet Fontaine.
Shall join with me---that one, we had
Both good and wise---'mongst numbers bad.



To LESBIA. Imitated from ROSSEAU.

By Mr. C. DENIS.

WHAT! turn'd of fifty, and endeavour
To gain a youth so sweet, so clever!

Think, Lesbia, of your white-brown hairs,
And how your beauty wants repairs.

Some stout Hibernian strive t'engage,
He may to satisfaction prove,

But this young bird's not for your cage,
When turn'd of fifty, farewell love.

Would it not be much fitter, pray,

T' employ yourself at pray'rs—or play?

You was, 'tis own'd, when in your prime,

The very Venus of your time.

Loves, smiles, and graces, all were yours,

But they've been long upon the move,

'Tis who shall get first out of doors—

When turn'd of fifty, farewell love.

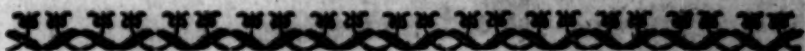
The wife of Proetus, thus we find,
 Much of your age, like you inclin'd,
 Once took it in her wanton head,
 T' entice Bellerophon to bed;

But he, like Joseph, chaste and wise,
 Refus'd the boon for which she strove,
 And said, in short, without disguise,
 When turn'd of fifty, farewell love.

Ye tender hearted ancient dames,
 Subjected still to Cupid's flames,
 Would you vamp up a face grown old,
 Blaze it, instead of paint, with gold,

That may some needy spark attract,
 Who'll swear his passion ne'er shall rove,

But all in vain: you'll find in fact,
 When turn'd of fifty, farewell love.



An Impromptu. Walking by Moonlight.

HAIL! silver moon—whose chearful radiance warms
 The lover's breast to seek his Chloe's arms:
 Who, by thy light each other's vows exchange,
 And seal those vows—while pleas'd by thee they range.

E. T.
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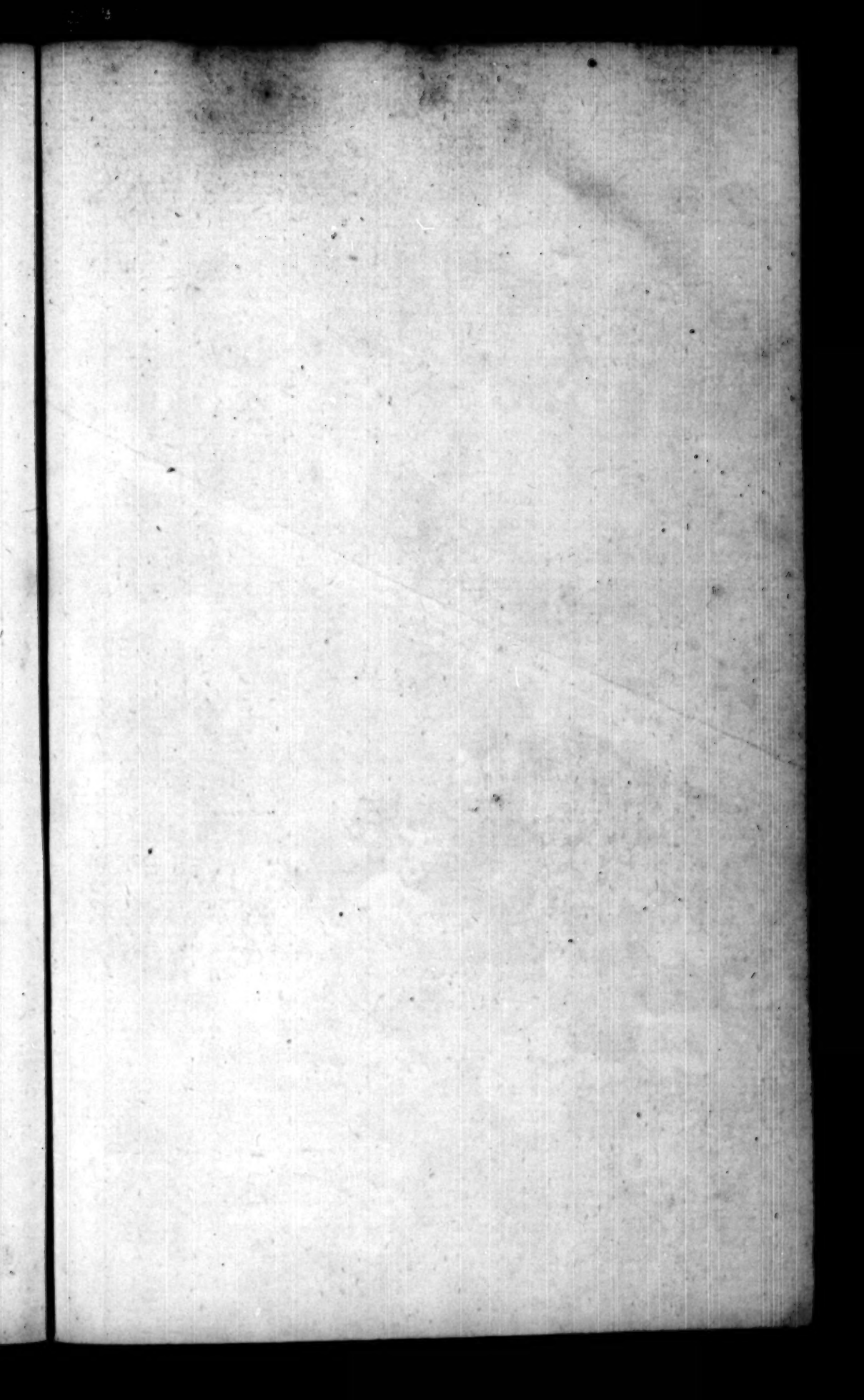
*To the memory of the celebrated Henry Fielding, who is interred without a monumental stone in the Factory burial ground at Lisbon, round which is planted many Cypress Trees. By Capt. E. THOMPSON.*

**W**HILE pompous monuments adorn these tombs,  
 And every stone an Epitaph assumes;  
 To tell the Pedigree of fool and sot,  
 From whom descended---and by whom begot,  
 Yet all these plodding dunces can refuse.  
 A Stone---and Epitaph---to thy sweet muse!  
 There needs no marble o'er such sacred bones,  
 To tell the fame of *Fielding* and *Tom Jones*;  
 For what these fools refus'd---kind Nature gave:  
 A grove of cypress to adorn thy grave.

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**F I N I S.**





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